England Fair

AT

CESTER, MASS.,

3, 4, 5 and 6, 1889.

e New England Agricultural Society, in con-
First Annual Fair of the Worcester Agricul-

ERED IN PREMIUMS.

l Live Stock will close August 10th.

G, President.

NIEL NEEDHAM, Secretary.

, Local Sec. and Treas., Worcester, Mass.

ND GENERAL AGENCY OF THE EAST, FOR THE

LEY CUTTERS

Ensilage or Dry-fodder. All sizes from the hand-machine up to the powerful Cutter ever built in any country. Possess all the latest Ensilage-cutters are one of the specialties of al Works, over 30 years under the same management.

MINARD HARDER, Proprietor, Cobleskill, N. Y.

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Sheriff's Sale.

KENNEBEC ss.: Taken on execution, wherein James Hunter and James C. Hunter, co-partners under the firm name of James Hunter & Son of North Adams, in the commonwealth of Massachusetts, are Creditors, and James Savage of Augusta, in the County of Kennebec, is Debtor, and will be sold by public auction, on Saturday, the thirty-first day of August, A. D. 1889, at two o'clock and fifty minutes in the afternoon, at the office of Melvin S. Holway, Esq., in Augusta, in said county, the following described parcels of real estate, and all the right, title and interest which the said James Savage has in and to the same, or had at the time the same was attached on the original writ, in the same suit, to wit:

A certain lot or parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Augusta, on the east side of Kennebec river, containing about eighty-five acres, more or less, bounded and described as follows: Southerly by land of the heirs of Ruel Williams, deceased; easterly by land formerly owned by Edward E. Savage, and now owned by F. J. Hamlen; northerly, by land formerly owned by Hartwell Stickney, deceased, and by land formerly occupied by ——— Chase, and land now or formerly owned by J. W. Patterson, and land of Seth Gay, and westerly by the Belfast road, and lot of land on which the buildings stand now occupied by said debtor as his residence, and Pine street, and being the same premises heretofore known as the old homestead farm of said debtor, including the building as and lot of land on which they stand, formerly occupied by the debtor's mother and sister, now deceased.

Also one other parcel of land situated in said Augusta, and bounded on the north by Gage street; on the west by Pine street; on the south by a line parallel with said Gage street, and distant therefrom 167 feet, and on the east by a line parallel with said Pine street, and distant therefrom 100 feet, and being the same premises now occupied by said debtor as his residence.

Also one other parcel of land situated in said Augusta, and bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning on the west side of Pine street, at the northeast corner of land of Jos. H. Randall; thence running northerly by said Pine street to land of William Gahan, deceased; thence westerly by said Gahan's land, to land of heirs of Ruel Williams; thence southerly by said Pine street to land of said Randall; thence easterly on said Randall's north line to bounds begun at.

Also one other parcel of land in said Augusta, in the third range of lots east of Kennebec river, and bounded on the north by land formerly owned by Albert Leavitt; on the west by range road between the second and third range of lots; on the south by land formerly owned by Albert Leavitt, and on the east by road leading from the Belfast road to land formerly owned by Burnham C. Greeley, being the same premises conveyed to said debtor by Watson F. Hallett, April 7, 1870, recorded in Kennebec Registry of Deeds, book 308, page 33.

Also one other parcel of land, situated in said Augusta, in the first range of lots east of the river, being part of lot F on a plan of the Plymouth claim, so called, bounded easterly by land now or formerly owned by Thomas Hardisty, southerly by land of Mrs. Ingraham; westerly by land now or formerly owned by John S. Leighton, and southerly by land of said debtor, containing about four acres.

Dated this 22d day of July, 1889.

3637 WM. H. LIBBY, Deputy Sheriff.

Sheriff's Sale.

KENNEBEC SS.: Taken on execution, wherein Abner Hammond of Belgrade, in the county of Kennebec, is debtor, and Asa W. Robinson of said Belgrade is creditor, and will be sold by public auction, on Saturday, the thirty-first day of August, A. D. 1889, at two o'clock and fifty minutes in the afternoon, at the office of Melvin S. Holway, Esq., in Augusta, in said county, the following described parcels of real estate, and all the right, title and interest which the said Abner Hammond has in and to the same, or had at the time the same was attached on the original writ, in the same suit, to wit:

"A certain piece of land situated in Sidney, in said county, and bounded as follows, viz.: Beginning at the northwest corner of land owned by Jonas Butterfield; thence easterly by said Butterfield's north line about one hundred and seven rods to a stake and stones; thence northerly parallel with the west line of the Pond road (so called) to a stake and stones in the middle of said land owned by Wm. Robinson about one hundred twenty-seven rods (127) rods; thence westerly by Wm. Robinson's southwest corner; thence westerly by said Wm. Robinson's south line about 127 rods to the rangeway at said Wm. Robinson's northwest corner; thence southerly by said rangeway to the first mentioned bounds; containing 80 acres more or less," and being the same premises described in the deed of Charles H. Davis to said Asa W. Robinson, Nov. 9, 1877, and recorded in the Kennebec Registry, Book 314, page 231.

Dated this 22d day of July, 1889.

3637 WM. H. LIBBY, Deputy Sheriff.

Sheriff's Sale.

KENNEBEC SS.: Taken on execution, wherein E. W. Nichols, in said county, is Creditor, and A. W. Nichols and M. N. Nichols of Westport, in the county of Lincoln, and H. O. Nichols of Augusta, in said county, are Debtors, and will be sold by public auction, on Saturday, the thirty-first day of August, A. D. 1889, at two o'clock and fifty minutes in the afternoon, at the office of Frank E. Southard, in said Augusta, the following described parcels of real estate, all the right, title and interest which H. O. Nichols, one of said Debtors, has in and to the same, or had at the time the same was attached on the original writ in the same suit, to wit: A certain lot or parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Augusta, bounded and described as follows, viz:

Beginning at center of a stone post set in the ground in the westerly line of Gage street extended at the southeasterly corner of land hereafter described; thence westerly at right angles with Gage street, extended, 100 feet; thence southerly, parallel with said Gage street extended 50 feet; thence easterly parallel with the first line 100 feet to the west line of Gage street extended; thence southerly along the west line of said Gage street extended 50 feet, more being the same premises described in Book 362, page 333 in the Kennebec Registry of Deeds.

Dated this 22d day of July, 1889.

3637 WM. H. LIBBY, Deputy Sheriff.

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of July, 1889.*

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of ELIZABETH CLIFFORD, late of Augusta, in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of August next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed as the last will and testament of the said deceased.

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.*

KENNEBEC COUNTY ...*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of July, 1889.*

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of MARGARET HUNTER, late of Augusta, in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, prior to the fourth Monday of August next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed as the last will and testament of the said deceased.

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Court of Probate at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of July, 1889.*

JAMES ERSKINE, Guardian of JOHN F. HYSOM of Windsor, in said county, insane, having presented his first account of Guardianship of said Ward for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of August next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court, then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of July, 1889.*

On petition for the appointment of LENDALL MILTIMORE of Litchfield, in said county, insane, K. STORER, late of Halloweil, deceased:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of August next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court, then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the second Monday of July, 1889.*

LUKEY HERSOM, widow of JOSEPH HERSOM, late of Belgrade, in said county, deceased, having petitioned for an allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, in the Maine Farmer, printed in Augusta, in said county, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, on the second Monday of August next, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.*

FISTULA treated without the use of the knife or confinement from business, also all other diseases of the Rectum. Cure guaranteed. WM. READ (M. D. Harvard 1862), and DOROTHEA READ (R. N. Harvard 1879), Evans House, No. 175 Tremont Street, Boston. References given. Consultation free. Send for pamphlet. Office hours, 11 A. M. to 3 P. M. (Sunday and holidays excepted.) 1y14

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Maine Farmer.

BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors. "OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN." TERMS: Two Dollars per annum, in Advance.

VOL. LVII. AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1889. No. 40.

Fairs to Occur.

Androscoggin County Agricultural Society—At Livermore Falls, in September, 3rd, 4th and 5th.
Androscoggin Valley Agricultural Society—At Canton Driving Park, Sept. 24th, 25th, and 26th.
Aroostook, Houlton, Sept. 25th and 26th.
Eastern Maine State Fair Association—At Bangor, Sept. 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th.
Bedford Agricultural Society—At October 8th, 9th and 10th.
East Eddington, East Eddington, Sept. 25th and 26th.
Franklin County Agricultural Society—At Franklin Park, Farmington, Oct. 1st, 2nd and 3rd.
Gray Park Association—At Gray Corner, Aug. 27th, 28th and 29th.
Knox, Camden, Sept. 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st.
Lincoln County Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Damariscotta Driving Park, Oct. 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th.
Maine State Agricultural Society, and Maine State Pomological Society—At Lewiston, Sept. 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th.
North Washington Agricultural Society—At Lakeside Park, Princeton, Sept. 24th and 25th.
North Aroostook Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Fort Fairfield, Sept. 3rd, 4th and 5th.
Oxford Valley Fair—Cornish, Sept. 3d-6th.
Oxford, Norway and So. Paris, Oct. 1st, 2nd, and 3d.
Oxford West, Fryeburg, Oct 8th, 9th and 10th.
Patrons' Agricultural and Mechanical Association—At Oak Grove Park, Sanford, Oct. 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th.
Sagadahoc Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Topsham, Oct. 8th, 9th and 10th.
Somerset Central, Oct. 1st, 2nd and 3rd, Skowhegan and Acton, Shapleigh, Oct. 8th, 9th and 10th.
Wes. Washington Agricultural Society—At Cherryfield, Sept. 25th and 26th.
West Penobscot Agricultural Society—At Exeter, Sept. 18th, 19th and 20th.
Washington Centre, Machias, Sept. 18th and 19th.
Waldo and Penobscot, Monroe, Sept. 24th and 25th.
York County Agricultural Society—At Saco, Sept. 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th.
York Co., (Inc.) or Brewster's, Ossipee Valley, Aug. 27th, 28th and 29th.
York County Agricultural Society—At Saco, Sept. 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th.

A recent steamer arriving from Havre at New York brought 120 Norman horses, ten mules and fifty-two asses, to be used for breeding purposes.

It is the appreciation of the incomparable value of corn as a fodder crop that has given the silo its favor among farmers. The silo affords a practicable method of storing and preserving the crop.

Secretary Stearns of the Eastern Maine Fair has received application from Fredericton, N. B., for the entry of some imported stallions and imported sheep. The neighboring Province takes a wide interest in this fair.

The potato blight extends throughout New England, and promises to be a sweeping calamity to farmers. The extent of the destruction to crops cannot be fully determined at the present time, though indications are that it is general.

A nice little Guernsey herd is that belonging to Henry St. John Smith of Portland. A fine bull, two cows and a calf make up the number, all good ones. We are glad to note an advancing interest in this valuable butter breed of stock.

If prices rule low the effort should be made to cheapen production, not reduce it. A means to that end is to increase the production, since in almost any case a product can be produced at lower cost on a large than on a small scale. It may sound paradoxical to urge an increase of production because prices rule low, but there is business in it.

The Red Polled cattle made a good showing at the Royal Show at Windsor, and were out in large numbers. This breed of cattle have been introduced in this country, and a few are owned in the neighboring Province of New Brunswick. They make good beef, are good milkers, hardy and handle kindly. Those who fancy hornless cattle will find in them much to admire.

Dr. Salmon, chief of the Department of Animal Industry, has nearly ready to be issued a comprehensive book, which treats in a practical, everyday way of the diseases of horses, cattle, hogs and sheep. It will give, also, common sense, every day remedies for their cure, and enable the farmer, if it proves to justify its purposes, to administer cures all by himself without the aid of a veterinary.

Board's Dairyman says that Jersey breeders have pretty nearly kept the lead, undisputed, as to butter performance per cow, and are still uneclipsed. Yes, and it might include that in *profitable production* also, the Jersey cow stands at the head. Coming right down to real merit, the cows that will make the butter at least cost of feed are the ones to depend upon for this product. Dairymen generally have got often chase to run in this direction, and have got to make many improvements before they can match the little Jersey.

In a recent interview, Secretary of Agriculture Rusk said, in speaking of Southern farming: "I can't understand how it is that farming in Virginia is not more profitable, and that farm land is not more valuable. The land is good, the markets are near, the climate is exceptionally favorable, and yet land which said Gage street extended 50 feet; thence easterly parallel with the first line 100 feet to the west line of Gage street extended; thence southerly along the west line of said Gage street extended 50 feet, more being the same premises described in Book 362, page 333 in the Kennebec Registry of Deeds. ought to be worth $100 an acre in places where it is worth only $10. I don't understand it, and I'm going to find out why it is." Let's have him come down to Maine and learn the reason why a similar range of land prices prevail here.

The Vermont State College has established a "short course in agriculture" at that institution, covering two years, and offering a course of study such as will give the students who take it a fair acquaintance of science in its application to agriculture. The expenses are comparatively light. May not such a course attract more students to the study of agriculture? At our College, the course in agriculture is not open to a student till his third year at the institution, thus necessitating a full four years' course in order to secure the advantages of its training in agriculture.

In December last, the Department of Agriculture received from the Chief Secretary of Queensland, Australia, a request that the Department should nominate to the Government of the colony, a suitable person to be appointed as instructor in agriculture. Secretary Rusk selected Professor Edward M. Shelton, of Manhattan, Kansas, for the position, and so notified the Australian government. Professor Shelton has been for many years Professor of Practical Agriculture in the Kansas Agricultural College. He has also been connected with the Michigan Agricultural College, and has taught practical agriculture under the auspices of the Japanese government. "Secretary Rusk," says Professor Shelton, "is the best man available in the United States for the position, and is confident that he will creditably represent the country."

In speaking of the butter yield of creams from different herds, raised under like conditions, Mr. A. M. Bancroft, Superintendent, of the Ellington, Conn., Creamery, says in the *Homestead* that he took 30 spaces of cream from the best herd contributing to his creamery, and the same measure from the poorest herd and the difference in the yield of butter was only one quarter of an ounce. And he further says that this was no isolated case, for it has been proven time and again, that as far as weight (of butter) is concerned, one space of cream has relatively the same value as any other space, or at least the difference is so slight as to be unworthy of notice. This is reliable testimony, and so far as we have been able to learn by wide investigation it is the universal testimony of the New England creameries where the so-called Cooley method of setting is used.

The *American Cultivator* says, "it believes that only in those localities where soiling and ensilage are adopted, can farmers count with certainty upon profit, and at the same time be assured that their land will grow better rather than poorer." Such a belief may have a grain of truth to base itself upon in suburban farming, but it finds no application in the country at large. Were it true, then the great mass of farmers are other themselves growing poor or are destroying the fertility of their farms, while if any one knows anything about the situation they know the truth in the case is just the opposite. Go out into any rural town, be it matters not where, and the generality of farmers are prosperous, and their lands at the same time are growing more productive. Yet, possibly not in the whole township can a single farmer be found who has adopted the methods only through which our cotemporary claims success can at the present time come. It would make us smile to see the owners of our highland Maine pastures worth three, five, or possibly ten dollars an acre, resort to soiling as a means of keeping cattle cheaper, or desert the grass meadows with their burthen of timothy coating little more than the cutting, for the corn fields and the silo as a means of greater gain. Away with such nonsense! On low priced lands there is no such profitable stock fodder as grass.

Agriculture of Maine, 1888-9.

The new volume of Agriculture of Maine for 1888-9, prepared by the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, is now printed and in the hands of the binders, and will be ready in a few days to distribute to the agricultural societies of the State and to members of the legislature and others desiring them. It is a volume of 332 pages, and contains a record of the work of the Board of Agriculture, for the year ending June 1, 1889; an abstract of the Experiment Station Report, and the transactions of the State Pomological Society.

Twenty-seven Farmers' Institutes were held during the year, and at a cost of $1,-634.98, or an average of $60.55 each. In the institute work of the Board, dairying has been given a large share of attention. In view of the increasing interest in the State of this important branch of husbandry, Secretary Gilbert has done well in giving it a leading place in the work of the year and a large share of the space in the annual report. The best methods and practices in butter making are described in full, and illustrations and plans of creameries and cuts of all the needed appliances, with price lists of the same, are given. Dairy cattle also receive their full share of attention, and papers are given from the best authorities among us on all the recognized dairy breeds, embracing Jerseys, Guernseys, Holstein-Friesians and Ayrshires.

In the miscellaneous department, among the leading papers given, is an able one by Dr. Bowen of Connecticut, on New England Farm Life. Others are by Prof. Whitcher of the New Hampshire Agricultural College, Prof. Cheeseman of Boston, and President Douglass of the Vermont Dairymen's Association. Home talent is represented by Mr. Joel Richardson, a noted farmer of Newport, by a paper on Soils, by Dr. Twitchell of the *Farmer*, on the Percheron Horse, and by several members of the Board. These papers and lectures were all given at institutes held in different sections of the State during the year.

The Pomological Department gives the fall transactions of the society, together with a report in detail of the proceedings at the winter meeting, held at Damariscotta, and is filled with valuable matter.

Improvements Called For.

Societies like our State fairs, through years of experience, ought to be able to discover ways and means to carry on the exhibitions and their connected work in a manner which should be an improvement over former years. That which may have been all that was called for years ago, and well enough for that time, may not so well fill the measure of demand to-day. There is progress everywhere. The old is being set aside for the new and the better in every department of human energy.

While marked advances have been made in the general management and moral standing of our annual State fairs in recent years, there are some features still of their management that have not yet got quite up to the modern ideal in their several directions.

1. The awards should be made promptly at the opening of the show in all departments and the several emblems of merit conspicuously attached to the articles and animals receiving honors. This would add very much, not only to the interest of the exhibition, but also would afford a guide to its study as object lessons. It may not be easy to do this, but it can be done in a large part of the show if the effort is made. These exhibitions ought to have a further purpose than a passing amusement, and to thousands of the visitors they have, and it should be a studied effort to afford every facility in aid of the object.

2. The money awards should be promptly paid. With the trotting purses paid on the ground, there is neither business, sense or justice in delaying payment of premiums for several months after the exhibition is over. With method and system, and an oversight which can easily be provided, the awards can be paid down as well as to delay, and certainly just as well as in the trotting classes. In the case of our State Pomological Society, we believe payment of premiums was delayed last year till late in winter, while with the Bay State Society, a model of systematic management, all awards were paid on the ground, at both exhibitions the society has held. If not paid on the spot, certainly they can be adjusted promptly after the close of the exhibition. With officers paid for their services, there is neither necessity nor reason for prolonged delay.

3. Following the close of the annual exhibition there should be made a detailed report of transactions to its members, if so made up, and in other case to the State. In all the Western States, State exhibitions are managed by the boards of agriculture, and the officers are accountable to the State and make report accordingly.

4. Courtesies are due to distinguished visitors from other States. Our State societies are so organized that the regular officers are all working men in the running of the machinery of the fairs. This leaves them no time to extend courtesies or give special attention to visitors from abroad. But courtesies are due to others at a fair as well as elsewhere, though some of the talk at the annual meeting of the State Society, and some of the action taken, might lead one to think that civilized responsibilities had no place within the palings of this society. If officers of the society cannot, as they ought, be detailed to this important duty, there should be a committee appointed to receive such visitors in behalf of the society and give them such attentions as civilized society recognizes as due.

Are the Agricultural Colleges Drifting Astray?

Straws show which way the current is drifting, and though the movement be slow, yet if by attention a motion is discovered it tells a fact that cannot be questioned.

There are three vacancies of agricultural professorships in the West at the present time, namely, in Kansas, Missouri and Michigan, caused by the retirement of three of as able agricultural instructors as we have in the country. A paragraph in another column accounts for the vacancy at the Kansas college, while reference has already been made in the *Farmer* to the removal of Prof. Sanborn on account of too great faithfulness to his department, while the removal of Prof. Johnson from Michigan was for this same reason, though his particular shortcomings were made obnoxious in a slightly different direction. Just where his disqualifications came in is shown when it is stated that a prominent member of the faculty of that college has been wont to ridicule the farm, openly declaring that there was altogether too much of "this bull business" at the college to suit him. The expression of such a sentiment within the faculty of this noted agricultural college and the following removal of so efficient a man as Prof. Johnson, call to mind a remark made in an after dinner speech by one of the professors of our State College at the last commencement, in declaring unequivocally that "*this is not an agricultural college.*"

The *Breeder's Gazette*, in commenting on the action at Michigan and Missouri, most strenuously insists "that in the election of the successors to Prof. Johnson and the other agricultural experimenters the greatest care shall be exercised to secure men who are competent to give "*this bull business*" all due prominence in the conduct of the agricultural classes and the college farms. There may have been too much of it to suit the chemists, entomologists and botanists in the faculty, but there has not been enough to suit the farmers and stockmen for whom these institutions were created; and the *Gazette*—strange though it may seem to these chemists, entomologists and other "ists" and "ologists"—is of the opinion that the wishes and needs of the farmers are of paramount importance to the tastes and convenience of the professors in agricultural colleges."

The *Farmer*, in common with the *Gazette*, stands by these institutions because they are agricultural colleges, and still maintains as it always has in the past that agriculture should at all times hold the leading position in their work. This is what they were established for, what States came forward and appropriated money for. They were to fill a vacant place in our educational system. If professors for any reason get into the ranks who cannot affiliate with the soil they are the ones to be retired, and if such fellows who have positions in these colleges think they have got possession of them they are mightily mistaken. These colleges are agricultural preëminently, and before they are allowed to be driven away from their true mission the farmers of the country are going to have something to say about it. These may be little things, but they are drifting in the wrong direction.

The Butter Extractor.

Mr. C. A. Johansson of Stockholm-Sweden, the inventor of the butter extractor, to which editorial reference was given in the *Farmer* a short time since, furnishes the following statement concerning the machine:

"The object of my invention is to separate, collect and remove the butter from fresh milk, leaving fresh skim milk or blue milk, and not 'buttermilk,' as is obtained as a residue by the ordinary method of churning. Fresh milk, as is well known, consists of 'blue milk' and butter fat, the latter being distributed through the blue milk uniformly in the form of exceedingly minute globules, forming an emulsion. This is called an emulsion. The specific gravity of the blue milk is greater than that of the butter fat, and when the milk is submitted to centrifugal action, as in my centrifugal cream creamer the greater portion of the blue milk is separated and the globules of butter fat crowded more closely together. These globules are too closely massed together to let the lighter particles of blue milk by the centrifugal force, and thus these particles of blue milk held mingled with the butter globules form a compound which is known as cream in the dairy. In churned by the ordinary methods the results tants are butter and buttermilk. The only function of the ordinary centrifugal creamer is to divide the milk into blue milk and cream, and this cream must be afterward churned to produce butter, and so far as I am aware some lactic fermentation must take place in the milk in order to effect the separation of the butter by churning the cream.

By my method I extract from the fresh milk in a continuous manner substantially the entire fat of the butter in the milk as a residue fresh skim milk without any appreciable lactic fermentation. In carrying out my invention I employ a modified form of centrifugal apparatus, somewhat like the cream separator, but the machine put in motion, and, while we could not count the revolutions, we were sufficiently familiar with the buzz and hum of the separator to know that the speed was about as required for that machine. We saw the skim milk appear, and drank some of it, and it tasted just as skim milk does before the separation. Out of another tube came, in just four minutes' time necessary to get the machine at full speed—from the time the machine started, the first appearance of butter, which was instantaneous with the setting of the valve that let the milk into

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, August 15, 1889.

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$2.00 IN ADVANCE; OR $2.50 IF NOT PAID WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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☞A subscriber desiring to change his post office direction, or to discontinue his paper, must communicate to us the *name of the office to which it has previously been sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

☞Postage free to all subscribers.

Collectors' Notices.

MR. I. C. LIBBY of Burnham, our cattle reporter, is authorized to receipt for moneys and receive subscriptions for the paper.

MR. C. S. AYER is now calling upon our subscribers in Somerset county.

MR. A. W. KELLOGG is now in Lisbon calling upon our subscribers in Penobscot county.

MR. F. W. COLE is now calling upon our subscribers in Hancock county.

MR. H. L. LELAND of East Sangerville, is now calling upon our subscribers in Piscataquis county.

Mr. F. H. Owen knows what the public is looking for and how to supply the same. Read the Bazaar advertisement on the third page for particulars.

R. A. Merrow, former publisher of the *Livermore Falls News*, will begin the publication of a sporting and local paper in Kingfield, in September. Thus do the newspapers multiply in Maine.

The income of a professional rat catcher averages $1500 per year, announces the Detroit *Free Press*, and there are only ten of them in the United States. What a grand opening here is for the poor struggling editors.

The season is rapidly approaching when many Eastern people will begin to look West with the thought of warmer days in winter. To all such we would call attention to the advertisement of the Santa Fé Route in our columns, and to the New England Agency in Boston.

Prominent among the farm implements to be commended, and which seem actually necessary, is the Kemp Manure Spreader, manufactured by the Richardson Mf'g Co., Worcester, Mass. Visitors at our State Fairs should take time to thoroughly inspect this valuable implement. See advertising columns for particulars.

The inventories received by the Valuation Commissioners, will tell some interesting stories when all the details are published. In many respects there will be a notable increase in the real and personal property. Bar Harbor alone returns over $5,000,000. The towns on our rivers have made the largest gains, for it is here that manufacturing industries have sprung into existence.

Prof. Fresenius of Wiesbaden, after a long series of chemical analyses, declares that an egg contains as much nourishment as a pound and an ounce of cherries, a pound and a quarter of grapes, a pound and a half of russet apples, two pounds of gooseberries, and four pounds of pears, and that 114 pounds of grapes, 127 pounds of russet apples, 192 pounds of pears, and 327 pounds of plums are equal in nourishment to 100 pounds of potatoes.

The State Valuation Commissioners have made the following appointment of clerks: Cumberland, Scott Gilson; Oxford, John H. Wardwell, Rumford; Lincoln, William H. Miller, Waldoboro; Knox, Frank E. Creamer, Waldoboro; Somerset, F. L. Plummer, New Portland; Penobscot, L. C. Whitten, Carmel; Aroostook, W. E. Perkins, Augusta; York, S. W. Judkins, York; Waldo, A. E. Nickerson, Swanville; Kennebec, E. H. Wheeler, Gardiner.

The old and reliable *Portland Advertiser* has taken a fresh lease of life under its new management, and among the many exchanges coming to our table, still occupies a leading position. Its familiar form remains unchanged, and it is still safe on all public questions, maintaining a position commanding the respect of those who differ with it politically. Its news department is receiving more attention than formerly, and as an evening daily, it has no superior in Maine.

To shake hands with the President, is by many considered among the highest honors to be conferred on the private citizen of the Republic. In the struggle to reach the hand of Pres. Harrison, on his recent trip through the State, many laughable incidents occurred. Persons crowding up on opposite sides of the car and reaching after his strong right arm, would grasp each others' hand and retire feeling a new thrill of enthusiasm and a deeper sense of patriotism. Probably the squeeze was more intense than though the object sought after had really been secured.

There were 178 tons of hay harvested on the College Farm the present season, at a cost of $1.80 per ton. These figures include the feed for the team owned by the College, the repairs, and all other expenses, except depreciation in the value of tools and machinery. The crop is 23 tons larger than last year and was taken from 18 acres less in area, so the cost of harvesting has been decreased 22 cents per ton as compared with last year. Grain is looking well but the yield will not be as large as the condition of the crop indicated early in the season. The term opens with 27 new students, which number will probably be increased to thirty or more before its close.

The trustees of the Maine State Fair held a meeting at Lewiston last week. In addition to the purses already offered another was added for pacers, of $200. And also cups for pacing colts, different ages, entries to be made on or before Sept. 2nd. Entries of stock and horses are already being made and in greater numbers than ever before, giving assurance of a large exhibit next month. The trustees announce that the reporters' stand will be properly glazed before the exhibition opens. This insures comfort during the races, and the more complete reports furnished will be ample compensation for the same.

The bubble of western farm mortgages seems to be pretty well exploded, and the only ones realizing big returns are the agents and trust companies. If the same course should be attempted in *Maine* millions might be placed on *our* farms. Personal appeals to farmers and plausable statements would easily load many a farm beyond the hope of recovery. Yet that has been the course in the West, and already the uncertain value of the securities is being felt in the East. The farms are being abandoned, because the burden of interest is beyond the power of the farmer to carry. New companies are being formed to carry these defaulted mortgages, and doubtless very soon this state will echo with this new, wonderful opening for investments. Persistent efforts have placed these mortgages where men would not have dreamed of borrowing, but for the rose colored pictures drawn by the representative of some eastern banking institution, or body of capitalists. It is neither right or just to longer mislead the public. The end, with a large per cent of western investments, must be discouraging. This is inevitable, and the sooner the ontgo ceases the better for the people of Maine. It is far safer to seek opportunities here at hand, or put the surplus into one's own business, and increase the same. Do more and so have more. Here are ample opportunities. Not a town or village but is waking to its own worth, and asking only for public confidence and capital, to set business in motion and open up home markets for home products. If we would only pray for a little faith in the State of Maine, it would be a good thing for all.

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AN OLD, OLD STORY. There is a subject old, familiar, and threadbare to many, which is not settled, which will not down at our bidding, but in some of its many phases presents itself continually for our thoughtful consideration. If in one direction something seems to be accomplished, we have but to look in another to see signs of activity. Just now there are evidences of a genuine awakening to the terrible evil of the drink traffic, and the old, old story of temperance crowds to the front for discussion. It has been a mistaken policy which has sent it to the background. Like all other moral questions, and this can be nothing else, it has at times been neglected by the people. Too often this has resulted from the officiousness of its would-be champions who have dictated the line of operations, as well as discussions, and assumed to decide who were and who were not the friends of the cause. When we rise above this level, and view the evil as one of the tremendous forces arrayed against all true progress, we forget to question, and welcome any reasonable means or measures looking to the safety of the home or the protection of the dearer interests of life. It is a sad commentary on public sentiment that its influence, the most potent of all, has so largely been withdrawn, and the field of operations left almost entirely to those who rest for success on legal enactments and officers of the law. That temperance is a great moral question, that the evil of drink is to be checked, not at the ballot box, or in the courts of justice, but in the upbuilding of the standard of manhood, seems to be too largely overlooked. It was taught in the earlier days, and throughout our rural districts this is still the lever which keeps the wheels of progress in motion. Without detracting at all from the worth or importance of the work accomplished by the prohibitory law, the point we would at this time especially urge is that *it* is not the sole support. Legislation acts negatively unless there be public opinion to make it positive. Prohibition does not, cannot prohibit unless the people believe in and enforce it. It is a dead letter to be made alive by those who placed it upon the statute books, and their constituents. In this State of Maine, prohibition prohibits because men and women believe in and practice it. What is to be emphasized now is the need of a firmer belief in the absolute need of vital temperance principles among the people. In the awakening to be seen in certain places so long lukewarm, one reads the evidence of a better public sentiment, and this of itself is the greatest possible check to the evil. Temperance is not negative. It is a virtue to be cultivated, and that makes it positive. It is not believing in law, it is being law abiding. It is not resting on constitutional amendments or legislative enactments, but being temperate in thought, word and act. It is a mistaken policy that those only are temperate who denounce the rum traffic. This is a restricted use of the term, and one which has led to much trouble. To-day the commonly accepted definition of the word is political tactics. It is to be marched out by certain would-be leaders. This is altogether too imperfect and unsatisfactory. It repels rather than attracts. Temperance is self-control as well as control of others. It is the practicing of abstinence in relation to those things which mar and destroy, as well as the strengthening of the social fabric by checking the drink evil. It is moral, not political, and when this thought is pressed home to the people, and kept constantly before them, an advance will be made in overcoming the terrible curse of rum drinking. There is need of an arousing to the magnitude of the subject. Its many sides and evil effects cannot be too forcibly presented, but for the future good of the State, it is hoped that the *sole* end of the agitation will not be to shut up the saloons. This is to be secured. *It must* be accomplished, but at the same time the moral side of the question must be presented else men will not rest when the fever returns. The saloons are to be closed, and kept closed, and to secure this greater end the worth of temperance must be instilled into old and young. The power of self-control must be cultivated. The saloons live in answer to a demand which they, to a great extent, keep alive and active. To suppress them effectually this demand must be removed, and this opens the way to the higher work of moral education. The streets are to be made safe primarily by withdrawing up the rum shops, but in the end they will remain safe just in proportion as those who walk thereon are temperate in principle. The evil of drink is working and havoc everywhere, and for its suppression every honest voice and hand should be lifted, but while we suppress by legal measures, remember that we lean upon a broken reed, unless there follows the moral uplifting of the thought of the people, so that the silent influence, most potent of all, shall be for temperance and against the damning influence of the saloons. Success in temperance work does not rest with political parties, with constitutional amendments voted up or down, but in the standard of manhood. The will of the people expressed through public sentiment. This is the potent factor in controlling the vicious, and its silent influence is stronger than bars or bolts. The evidence of an awakening in this respect is the best sign to be read in the heavens today. The enormity of the curse is arousing to the need of its suppression. The danger lies in spasmodic movements, and against this we should labor. Patient, consistent, straightforward effort will tell for permanent results. The good of society, the happiness of the homes, and the welfare of all calls for the suppression of the saloons, and when the homes and society come into a realization of the power vested in them the end will be accomplished. Here is a line of action to be followed consistently and consecutively until the full benefits are to be seen. It does not devolve upon officers of the law, but upon the people as individuals. The public pulse must be healthy else nothing permanent can be gained. Let the people but will that the saloons must go, and in proportion as they hold to that determination will that end be gained.

In a recent letter to the *Bangor Whig*, Rev. A. Gordon gives expression to the following ringing sentiments in favor of the suppression of the saloons:

"What interest of society that good men and women cherish and try to promote does the saloon advance? Not one. It is a continual menace to everything that makes for high civilization. It blocks all true progress. Where it flourishes policemen must be increased, public prisons and insane asylums enlarged. Rich men patronize it and grow poor. Poor men patronize it and their poverty increases. Healthy men grow sick by their coming. Sick men walk up to the bars and hasten their death. Men go into it orderly citizens and come out felons. Kind husbands go in and come out brutes. Boys changed to brutes. Affectionate fathers pour their money into its coffers and become cruel to their children. There may be no law to prevent this, if they will money for the saloon. Young men begin to frequent it, and from that day their start in the road to shame is dated.

The experience of Ireland, 'if the saloon should be kept closed for four years in England, Englishmen would hardly know their native land.' So if the saloon should be closed and kept closed, as it may be, in Maine four years, there would be much change in the order and prosperity of our State that we should hardly recognize it. Let the experiment be tried.

Catalogue all the virtues that have been honored among Christian people, and the saloon is the enemy of them all. Make a catalogue of the vices and crimes that have ever cursed humanity, and the saloon encourages and abets every one of them. It violates law, it tramples on good order, it interferes with thrift, it blights the joys of home, it breaks women's hearts because it brutalizes husbands and fathers, and degrades sons and brothers. 'It puts rags on men's backs, disease into their bodies, and shame and despair into their hearts.' It has no rights which honest and virtuous men and women are bound to respect. Why then should it be tolerated? It should not be. It ought to be shut up.

It is said that Cato ended every speech with, 'Carthago delenda est,'—'Carthage must be destroyed.' So would I close every discussion upon the temperance question with the words, THE SALOON MUST BE DESTROYED."

Conscience with digestion, and sleep with contentment is Dr. Pallen's recipe for the true elixir of life. This seems fair as reasonable, and we fancy will prove a satisfactory as the Brown—Sequard nostrum, prepared from the intestines of lambs or guinea pigs. Nature does not provide an escape from a just punishment for the violation of her laws.

PRESIDENT HARRISON IN MAINE. Again has the State of Maine been honored in receiving as its guest the Honorable President of the United States. While the man who crossed our borders to find rest at our grand resorts, has in many ways proven his worth and demonstrated his ability, it was as President that the flags were unfurled, the salutes fired and the thousands gathered along the line of the Maine Central. The man has been honored by the people who have bestowed upon him the highest office in their gift, and now they have testified their appreciation of both the individual, and the position, by a welcome, hearty, genuine and universal. From the moment President Harrison crossed the line until he entered the cottage of his friend and secretary, Hon. J. G. Blaine, at Bar Harbor, the people manifested their appreciation of the honor conferred by a visit to our Pine Tree State. At every stopping place along the road thousands gathered to catch a glimpse of the pleasant face of an honored President. At South Berwick the train was met by Adjutant General Sprague, General Harper, and Colonels Philbrook, Pullen and Boothby of the Governor's staff, and there was more cheering by more people and the same eager desire to shake him by the hand. Governor Burleigh had intended to meet the President at this point, but sickness prevented him from doing so and his regrets were made by Hon. John L. Swift. On behalf of His Excellency, Governor Burleigh, who is unable by reason of his illness to be present to receive you, it devolves upon me to welcome you to our State," said General Sprague, upon the Chief Executive of the nation. "It gives to me great pleasure to welcome you to the State of Maine. May everything conduce to your pleasure and comfort while you remain with us." President Harrison smilingly bowed his acknowledgements. At North Berwick, Congressman Reed joined the President in greeting the people, and the train left this side which President Lord had held so long. At Old Orchard the summer residents and permanent population had evidently turned out en masse. They crowded the platform and tracks, and gave the President what the members of his party termed a very pretty reception. At Portland the President was greeted by a great crowd as the train entered the Union station. Scarcely had he appeared at the rear of the car when a child was lifed above the crowd to pass the President a bouquet, which he received with a bow and kiss for the tiny girl. Mayor Senter introduced the President, and the latter bowed amid great cheers. Crowds pressed up to touch his hand. The train stopped only five minutes, and then with a change of engines went on. Next came Brunswick, and with it another crowd, more cheering and a salute of 21 guns fired by a platoon of the Maine State battery under command of Captain Despeaux. The town has only 5000 or 6000 inhabitants, but the crowd was a big one and gave the President as hearty a "how do you do," as he had received at all of the larger places along the road. The gentlemen who joined the train there included a delegation from Augusta, among whose members were Mayor S. W. Gould, Postmaster F. H. Maxley, Hon. John L. Stevens, Minister to the Sandwich Islands, National Committeeman J. Manchester Haynes, and Major O. E. Michaelis of the Kennebec Arsenal. Col. Thompson of Burleigh's staff, was also in the party. The crowd that greeted the President at Augusta, Mr. Blaine's home, was a big one. It extended across the depot platform and down and across the its number were on the depot roof, on an adjoining wall, and upon buildings near at hand. It was a gathering typical of a Maine city, and the train was brought to a standstill and the President walked on the platform and looked out between the flags at the end, he was given an old fashioned Maine cheer. Mayor Lane wished him a hearty welcome on behalf of the city, and said: "Fellow citizens, you have conferred upon me a great honor and it is with great pleasure that, as your representative, I introduce to you a man who fills the highest position in the world, our President." Then the cheering began again, and the President grasped many of the scores of hands which were thrust at him. Everybody wanted to shake hands of course, and men and women clutched the side of the platform and clambered on the couplings, as had many stations before, in order to be able to do so. It was a fine exception and President Harrison evidently enjoyed it. An immense crowd with a band of music had assembled at the depot at Waterville, and the Presidential car arrived. On the train stopping, the President stepped to the rear of the car and spoke as follows:

"When I started I had firmly resolved to make no speeches. My purpose in visiting Maine, as you well know, is to visit your distinguished citizen and cabinet officer, James G. Blaine, (cheers.) The preparations you have made here are more elegative of a speech than any since I have left Washington. I thank you for your cordial welcome and bid you good bye."

Bangor was reached at 12:45 P. M., while a salute was being fired. The depot platform was packed with humanity, and hundreds could not get a glimpse of the President until Hon. Reed of Congressman Boutelle, Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, Mayor Bragg, ex-Gov. Davis and other gentlemen entered the car.

At Ellsworth a very brief stop was made, but there was nothing out of the ordinary occurred until Mount Desert Ferry was reached. There a crowd was met. Mr. Blaine had come over on a special boat from Bar Harbor, and as soon as he left the platform between the people, and stepping on to the private car greeted the President. He was followed closely by Congressman Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts. The President and Mr. Blaine, followed by the rest of the party, left the cars a minute later and walked through the throng to the steamer Sappho, Capt. Oliver, which was brightly decorated. The boat arrived a few minutes before 8 P. M. The boat, a special one, had only a few passengers besides the notable one, and Messrs. Blaine and Boutelle and the upper deck until the Bar Harbor wharf was reached and the island reception began. The first sign came from Revenue Cutter Woodbury, which was decorated, and fired a national salute. The greeting was taken up by yachts. The Sappho returned the salute and the President waved his hat. The welcome was taken up by the people on shore. The wharf was crowded and the street contained many sight seers. Amid frequent cheers from the people and music by the Bar Harbor Band, Mr. Blaine and Mr. Blaine landed and walked along the wharf into the street where carriages awaited them. The two notables got into a landau. In turning a corner one wheel grazed that of another carriage, trying to turn at the same time, and the latter's wheel was smashed. Walker Blaine, Mr. Halford and Mr. Lodge followed in a carriage. A line of vehicles closed in behind and made quite a procession through the main streets. Up Main street they went; the hotel piazzas and balconies contained the fair sex residents and the sidewalk was well lined. Many stores and buildings were decorated. At several points cheers were raised. When the procession turned out of Main street on the way to Stanwood, Mr. Blaine's cottage, it passed through streets that were filled with people. At Stanwood cottage the President and Secretary of State were received by Mrs. Blaine.

The President and Mr. Blaine have doubtless passed altogether too quickly. Monday the President spent with Senator Hale at Ellsworth, a grand reception and dinner given him. The flower parade Tuesday, at Bar Harbor, was most unique and pleasing, and the presence of the thousands there was unbounded. Wednesday, the special, containing the President, Secretaries Blaine and Tracy returned to Bath, where the President of the Maine Central, Mr. Arthur Sewall, entertained the party. Again, in spite of dull weather, the loyal sons and daughters of Sagadahoc turned out en masse to testify their regard for the ruler of the nation. Along down among the islands was part of the programme, and the indications are that the result will be of great importance to Maine. If the proposed visit to Washington is consummated will be lively at the month of the Kennebec. That President Harrison will recognize the special advantages of the proposed location before long, is no doubt, and it is hoped that Secretary Blaine has been able to arrange this delightful trip, enable so many of our citizens to see their honored President, and to enjoy, for a few days at least, a little rest by the sea, at our famous summer resort.

A bad smash up of the engine, tender and baggage car took place on the Wednesday 6.30 train from Lewiston. The engine and tender were thrown from the track by an iron nut placed on the rail, and lies on its side half buried in the mud, with one end of the tender on top of the engine, the other end under the baggage car. The truck frames were stove off from the tender, baggage car and the front wheels of the first passenger car. No one was hurt, but it was a narrow escape for the engineer and fireman. The accident happened within the yard limits and the train had slacked speed to a walk within sixty rods of the depot.

The reliable agricultural implement and seed firm, Messrs. Joseph Breck & Sons, have purchased the good will and stock of Messrs. C. H. Thompson & Co., together with their agencies, rights, etc., and invite the friends of the old firm to call on them at 51-53 No. Market St., Boston, Mass. Mr. W. A. Bartlett, who represented Messrs. Thompson on the road, will continue in the same position with the new firm. The character of seeds and implements sent out in the past, is the best possible guarantee for the future.

The quickest run ever made on the Maine Central, between Waterville and Bangor, was made by the Presidential train on Thursday. This train run the 55 miles in 62 minutes. This fact speaks loudly for the management of the road and its fine condition. General Manager Tucker took every precaution possible, and the ride was both a pleasure and surprise to those who had never before travelled over this first class railroad.

WHAT NELSON HAS DONE. As the brilliant oratory, or stamp of genius, on the part of a man, brings his whole surroundings into prominence, so the performance of a single animal gives character to the breeding interests of an entire State. Personal interests blind men and they will not see how much they will be benefitted in the one case or how their own selfish interests are promoted in the other. The growth of the Sunnyside stock farm has been secured to a great extent, in spite of opposition from without, whereas, the best interests of each and every breeder would have been increased by a prompt recognition of the merit of the stock Mr. C. H. Nelson has been breeding. Notwithstanding all obstacles, within and without, he has persevered until to-day this farm stands among the first in the land. Mr. Nelson occupies an enviable position among the leading breeders of America, and directly and indirectly, every horse breeder in Maine, great and small, reaps a measure of advantage. The stallion, Young Rolfe, was purchased by Mr. Nelson when a yearling, of Mr. Wesley P. Balch of Boston, for about $200. Shortly after, discouraged at the outlook, he was offered for sale at $75, but no one cared to purchase. As he matured his good points began to develop, and he was finally sold to Mr. John Shepard of Boston for $5000.

In 1867 Mr. Nelson secured a filly known as Grey Dawn, by Gibson, a son of Ryadyks' Hambletonian, its dam being a mare called Kate, whose breeding has been untraced until the present year, when it was settled beyond a doubt that she was by Vermont Black Hawk. These two animals are the ones most noted to-day of any in the history of Maine horses, as the sire and dam of the seven year old stallion Nelson.

Grey Dawn has produced many valuable colts and is yet at the farm. Nelson has been a sensational trotter from the first. Even before being broken it was the delight of the boys to turn the mischievous little fellow into the yard and note his action so pure and free. As a three year old he treated the breeders to a surprise by trotting Lewiston half mile track in 3.26¾. This was the lowest record then known over a half mile course, and the applause of the thousands gathered there, knew no bounds. His action then as now, was pure, true, frictionless, his only desire seemed to be to go. Last year at the New England Breeders' Association, he obtained a record of 2.21¼, though this was only a preliminary to the big stallion. His speed has always been an unknown quantity as he has never yet been driven out for the mile.

Because of this, some, whose wish was father to the thought, raised the cry of quitter and have kept it up in spite of all that has been proven. It has been evident again and again that the horse had a mighty reserve of speed, but because, for reasons of his own, Mr. Nelson did not drive him on every Maine track for all he was worth, this class have attempted to ridicule and belittle the horse.

This year the declaration was made that, if no accident befell the horses, three from Sunnyside would land inside the 2.20 list, and those who have been loudest are still, not realizing what all that would mean to the State.

Mr. Nelson started out with Nelson, Aubine and Dictator Chief. The two first have filled their part of the contract, and no one doubts but Dictator Chief 2.21½, will respond when called upon. In fact, many think him the equal of Nelson. At Mystic Park, Medford, he may have dropped this number were on the depot roof, on an adjoining wall, and upon buildings near at hand. It was a gathering typical of a Maine city, and the train was brought to a standstill and the President walked on the platform and looked out between the flags at the end, he was given an old fashioned Maine cheer. Mayor Lane wished him a hearty welcome on behalf of the city, and said: "Fellow citizens, you have conferred upon me a great honor and it is with great pleasure that, as your representative, I introduce to you a man who fills the highest position in the world, our President." Then the cheering began again, and the President grasped many of the scores of hands which were thrust at him. Everybody wanted to shake hands of course, and men and women clutched the side of the platform and clambered on the couplings, as had many stations before, in order to be able to do so. It was a fine exception and President Harrison evidently enjoyed it. An immense crowd with a band of music had assembled at the depot at Waterville, and the Presidential car arrived. On the train stopping, the President stepped to the rear of the car and spoke as follows:

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FAIRFIELD RACES. Among the many series of races held on Maine tracks none are more successful than those given by Mr. A. F. Gerald. Three reasons may be stated. The location and quality of the track is excellent, a good crowd is always in attendance, and the proprietor is one of the most popular horsemen of the State. Last week, as usual, good weather prevailed at Fairfield, and the crowd in attendance was larger than for a long time. Thursday the 3.00 and 2.27 classes were trotted. The result was that two horses were added to the 2.30 list, four heats trotted in 2.30¼ or better, and the winner of the green horse class got a record of 2.32½. Such races are seldom seen on half mile tracks, though in the 3.00 class the interest was lost by the fact that the winner was able to capture first money in three straight heats. The placing of two Maine bred horses in the 2.30 list is a feat not often accomplished on any one track in a single race, and when there is added the fact that both of these are Maine bred, and representative State stock, the record becomes the more important. Following is the summary:

3 MINUTE RACE.

Little Eva, b m, C L Hurd, Picton, N S	1	1	1
Lady Rockville, blk m, Geo W Sullivan, Bangor	2	2	3
Tennis, b g, A Webb, Waterville	3	3	2
Frank D, ch g, H K Sawyer, Norridgewock	3	4	5
Ballailla, b g, F Frost, Wales	4	6	6
Joe B, ch g, H H Coombs	5	5	4
Frank G, g g, Frank G Hastings, Damariscotta	10	7	7
Hopgonna, g m, Charles Dustin, Pittsfield	7	9	dr
Lady Franklin, b m, H Young, Hallowell	9	10	dr
D L, blk g, C A Piper, Belfast	8	8	dis

Time.

Heats.	Quar.	Half.	Three Quar.	Mile.
1st	38	1.16	1.56	2.34½
2d	35½	1.12	1.54	2.33¼
3d	38½	1.17	1.55	2.33¼

A protest against Little Eva was presented, the ground being that, as Mattie B., she won a record of 2.27½ two or three years ago. If she is a ringer it should be ascertained and the public protected. If not, then there should be some way to punish the malicious persecution. It was very evident in this race that the winner and Lady Rockville could outspeed the crowd. The following is the summary of the

2.27 CLASS.

Cunard, Jr, ch s by Cunard, A K Perkins, Skowhegan	2	2	1
St Lawrence, b g, Chas Tuttle, Pittsfield	1	5	6
Cushnoc, bl s, J E Grant, Augusta	3	6	4
Ed Rose, ch m, F J Watts, Norridgewock	6	1	4
Free Trade, b g, E G Woodside, Brunswick	4	3	3
Dr Smith, sp g, C M Records, Buckfield	5	4	5

Time.

Heats.	Quar.	Half.	Three Quar.	Mile.
1st	37	1.15	1.53	2.30
2d	37½	1.14¾	1.52	2.31
3d	37½	1.14¾	1.52	2.29½
4th	37½	1.14½	1.52	2.29½
5th	36	1.15	1.52	2.30½

In the first heat Cushnoc made a bad break at the start but recovered and finished first. The fact that St. Lawrence trotted squarely for the mile and was so close at the finish, and also taken by the break of Cushnoc, decided the heat in favor of the son of Gray Dan, and placed him in the charmed circle. Later, after his accident, he was placed second still, so that he could not have had the heat, as in breeding, if the horse recovers, it would be of great value to him. In the second, the Lawrence colt was placed second in each and no one in the race could head her for the heat. After that the son of Cunard began to wake to his possibilities and reeled off the next three heats in 2.29½, 2.29½ and 2.30½, 5 heats more than once at a log, not being forced out.

SECOND DAY.

Fully two thousand were present the second day, though the races were not as interesting as the first day. In the 2.45 class the pretty little mare, Little Eva, again won in straight heats. The following is the summary:

Little Eva, b m, C L Hurd, Picton, N S	1	1	1
Kenjuska, b g, E Hilton, Dorchester	3	2	2
Sir Wm Wallace, Fred Davis, Pittsfield	3	4	3
M L, b f, C Hammond, Denver, S C Horn, Waterville	6	5	dis
Mary S, geo Stackpole, Waterville	7	8	dis
Independence, C B Gilmore	4	6	5
Gladstone, Johnson & Boody, Jackson	5	7	4

Time.

Heats.	Quar.	Half.	Three Quar.	Mile.
1st	36½	1.15½	1.50	2.27
2d	38	1.13¾	1.55	2.37
3d	38	1.14¾	1.57	2.40

In the 2.35 class another horse came to the front, C. S. P. This son of Daniel Boone is a trotter and promises to enter the twenties before the season closes. The following is the summary:

C S P., C S Page, Canton	1	1	1
Resolute, A Webb, Waterville	3	3	2
Overland Flyer, Fred Davis, Pittsfield	2	2	4
Haroldson, W C Marshall, Belfast	4	4	5
Cloudman, J Matthews, Waterville	5	6	3
Miss Ledo, J Boody, Monroe	6	5	dis

Following is the time of the 2.35 class:

Quar.	Half.	Three Quar.	Mile.
38	1.16	1.56	2.33
38	1.15	1.54	2.33¼
38½	1.15½	1.55	2.33¼

LAST DAY.

The races the last days were dull and uninteresting, Lady Rockwood taking the 2.45 race so handily that all interest was lost. There was a little struggle between Little Ned and Keepsake for second position, but the remainder of the field was strung out, some falling behind the distance flag. Summary:

2.45 CLASS.

Lady Rockville, blk m, Geo W Sullivan, Bangor	1	1	1
Little Ned, ch g, G C Edwards, Waterville	2	2	2
Keepsake, b g, J H Sawyer, Norridgewock	3	3	3
Frank G, g g, Frank G Hastings, Damariscotta	4	4	4
Puritan Knox, b s, L A Bartlett, Belgrade	5	6	6
Independence, b g, C B Cobb, Augusta	6	7	5
Sutton, b g, C B Gilmore, Waterville	7	5	dis
Thorne, b m, T Scribner, Waterville	8	ds	
Joe Bonk, g g, E Hilton, Dorchester	9	ds	
Midgett, ch m Charles Dustin, Pittsfield	ds		

Time.

Heats.	Quar.	Half.	2 Quar.	Mile.
1st	39	1.18	1.57½	2.38½
2d	40½	1.20	2.00	2.40½
3d	39½	1.19½	1.58	2.39

Only three pacers appeared and the old campaigner, Ganemede, 2.29½, had an easy race, the only thing to look for after he had established his supremacy being to allow the other horses to get inside the flag. Summary:

PACING.

Ganemede, ch g, G B Ingraham, Camden	1	1	1
Joe Bonkers, ca g, G Hodgkins, Damariscotta	2	2	2
Maud T, b m, Fred Tobey, Fairfield	3	3	3

Time.

Heats.	Quar.	Half.	Three Quar.	Mile.
1st	36½	1.15½	1.55½	2.37½
2d	36	1.17½	1.56½	2.38½
3d	41½	1.19½	2.00	2.41

WALDO COUNTY HORSE BREEDERS. The first day's races of the Waldo County Horse Breeders' Association, Tuesday, at Belfast, proved an immense success, fully 3000 people being present. The new grand and judges' stand, and the superior quality of the track were favorably noticed by all. In the yearling colt race, one-half mile, H. E. Haley's Adam Forepaugh won; best time 1.50. The two year old stakes were won by Mr. W. C. Marshall's Sea Breeze; best time 3.00. The 4 year old stakes were won by Miss Ledo, owned by E. C. Boody, Monroe, in three straight heats; best time 2.49. The stallion sweepstakes is as follows:

Elmbrook, r s, G. R. Ellis	1	1	1
Haroldson, b s, W. C. Marshall	2	2	2
Thamban, b s, W. C. Marshall	3	3	3

Best time, 2.39½.

FREE FOR-ALL.

M. L. S., ch g, R. L. Instfast	1	1	1
Sir William Wallace, br g, Chas. Dustin, Pittsfield	3	4	2
Miss Ledo, b m,

Items of Maine News.

The store of I. S. Dunn & Son, at North Yarmouth, was broken into Thursday night, and a quantity of goods, cigars and tobacco taken.

Extensive repairs have been made on the Seminary building at Deering, and Sebago water has been introduced in every part of the establishment.

Mr. William Blackwell, of Corinth, aged eighty-seven years, has this year worked eighteen days in the hayfield, assisting in putting in about sixty tons of hay.

A farmer, living near the Waterford line got angry with one of his oxen the other day while hauling hay, and using his pitch-fork to beat the animal, injured it so badly that it had to be killed.

The Norway Tanning Co. has one of the largest plants in the State. It has a capacity of 2000 finished hides a week, the product being mostly wax, kip, and split leather. It is now at work on embossed leather for the West Paris chair factory.

Among those who called Tuesday, at Collector Palmer's office at Bath, to settle their tax bills, was Major Thomas Harward, the oldest tax payer in the city. Although one hundred years old, Major Harward walks along with a step as elastic as a person of sixty.

H. H. Austin of Searsport, met with quite a loss a week or two ago, 18 sheep being killed by dogs. The entire lot was killed, except one. There was no positive proof, but by tracks and other things the dogs are pretty well known. They have also been caught making havoc with other sheep.

Not long ago a sum of money was raised at Vanceboro, to be devoted to defraying the cost of an electric light plant. But the people of the town are regular old sports. They held a meeting the other night and voted 15 to 10 to devote the money wholly to the fitting up of a trotting park, letting the electric light go.

The *Bridgton News* reports a sad case of rum's doings in that village. A smart, industrious man, a good husband and citizen were it not for the liquor habit, continued to neglect, abuse and impoverish his family, until the poor wife, tired of living, bought a quantity of morphine, and with it attempted self-destruction the other night. She was only saved by the prompt aid of a physician.

It has long been known that the heirs of Samuel Skillings claimed, or, on the expiration of a certain 90 years' lease, would claim the property in Portland known as Market square. The lease will expire in a few months. In view of that fact, the heirs have formed a "Skillings League," elected officers, raised funds and engaged counsel, with a view of testing their rights in the premises.

The girls at Squirrel Island are famous swimmers, if they are so capable and cool in the water as Miss Maud Stanwood. This young lady, according to a dispatch from the island, accidentally fell overboard while yatching Friday afternoon. She ran and the yatch passed over her, but when she emerged she struck out and coolly called out: "Lull her up captain and I'll climb aboard."

During the heavy shower that passed over Portland, late Wednesday afternoon, the lightning struck the store of Loring, Short & Harmon. The bolt knocked off a piece of a chimney, broke out two feet from two sides of the same; passed down, it went into the basement and out on a steam pipe. Luckily a joint of funnel had been removed that forenoon, and the bolt was carried to the furnace.

The Georges Valley Railroad Company has elected the following directors: J. C. Thurston, Jason M. Robbins, E. H. Burkett, A. F. Brown, E. L. Thompson, all of Union; Joel Hills of Hope, and H. W. Case of Rockland. The company proposes to build a standard guage road from Union down Georges Valley to connect with the Knox & Lincoln at Warren. All but $8,000 of the amount needed is pledged.

The trustees of the Eastern State Normal School at Castine have secured the services of Miss Winnie Austin of East Norton, Mass., to fill the vacancy in the corps of teachers in that institution. Miss Austin is a graduate from a four years course at the Bridgewater Normal School, and a teacher of large experience, having had at one time connected with the faculty of Drury College. She comes highly recommended by Prof. Boyden and others.

Mrs. D. A. Garland, who lives on Stillwater avenue, Bangor, was taken with a sunstroke Friday evening, and two men walked into the yard and got a drink of water. Late at night she was awakened by a slight noise, and she aroused the inmates of the house, but in the hiding the men outside were frightened away. The door stoop her husband found to be saturated with kerosene oil, and Saturday morning a bottle filled with kerosene oil was found in some bushes near the house.

The Merrick Spool Company's works, at Schoodic Lake, are now one of the business places in the interior of this State. A large force of men is at work, and the place has grown rapidly since the railroad went through there. The finishing-mill at the works is 175x56 feet, with boiler-house and sawmills besides. The mills are situated between the Canadian Pacific Railroad and the Lake, while the boarding-houses, cottages and other buildings are on the slope of the hill on the other side of the track. It seems as if the land was laid out for a manufacturing village.

Miss Albertie Carville, the long lost daughter of J. G. Carville of Lewiston, was brought home to her father's house in Lewiston Monday, at noon, and is now in the care of her parents. She is not strong or robust, and when driven into Lewiston Monday noon was pale and sad, with a face marked by sickness and suffering. She has been a school teacher in Greene, and, as long ago related, left her boarding place of her own accord and went to Lewiston. Here all trace of her was lost. She never went near her home. She was found Monday, four miles from Norway village, in a house occupied by George Young.

Buxton Centre is excited over a most mysterious and sensational robbery. Daniel Cressey is one of the wealthiest and most prominent citizens of the place. He is a director in the West Buxton Savings Bank, and is otherwise prominent in his town and county. Much of his money, securities and other valuables he has been accustomed to keep in an old fashioned safe in his house at West Buxton. Among other valuables he had $7000 in bonds, gilt-edge securities. The other day he found the safe had been opened and these bonds taken. The household was alarmed and search made, but no satisfactory clues to the burglary were found.

A new industry has lately developed at Moosehead Lake, along by Greenville. It is the catching of frogs and shipping them to New York, where they are in great demand, and are regarded as quite a luxury. The little animals are dressed at Greenville, and are shipped in quantities of from 30 to 40 pounds. They are said to be fresh and nice when received in New York notwithstanding the long distance necessary to be carried. They bring a large price and are sold quickly. They command about forty cents a pound. There is quite a large sum of money being made at Greenville in this somewhat novel industry, and as there is no close time on frogs the season is not limited by them. Probably the next legislature will be petitioned to protect the frogs.

Friday, as train 1 on the Grand Trunk road, was nearing the station at Pownal, on its trip to Portland, the mail clerks became aware that their car was off the iron, and a moment later the coupling broke, the engine, baggage and mail cars going on, and the mail car ploughing along the sleepers. The clerks were Mr. C. S. Kimball and Mr. P. L. Watts. They took their stand on near the door so that, should occasion require, they might be ready to jump, when they were both precipitated out of the car, over an embankment, into a gutter. They were pretty badly shaken up, and Mr. Watts was considerably bruised, but Mr. Watts was unhurt, otherwise than being at first benumbed. Mail was scattered along for a considerable distance. When the train finally came to a standstill, the forward trucks were found to be under the middle of the mail car.

The Trustees of Maine Central Institute have completed their arrangements with the twenty-first year and elected teachers for the coming year as follows: the following board: O. H. Drake, A. M., principal, Greek and sciences; L. W. Tapley, principal, Greek and science; M. S., principal of commercial department, book-keeping, penmanship, and commercial law; J. E. Houlton, A. M., principal of normal department, Latin and sciences; Miss Angie E. Hanson, perceptress, French, mathamatics and English literature; Miss L. E. Plumstead, A. B., German; and six English classes; Miss Flora F. Boyd, L. A., Normal instruction; Mrs. A. M. Chandler of Rockland, formerly of Biddeford, has been appointed superintendent.

Fred Douglass, the recently appointed minister to Hayti, is not only the most famous, but he is one of the wealthiest colored men in the United States. His wealth is estimated at $300,000. There are a great many colored men in Washington. Most of them made their money in real estate speculation. They first used the wages they received to buy land in the northwest section of the city.

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The Cameron Silica Company which has been organized to work the deposit which forms on the bottom of Chalk pond in Beddington is something unique in American industry, there being only one other deposit of the kind known in the world, that in Germany. The new company has a capital of $250,000 and is composed almost wholly of wealthy Massachusetts capitalists. The silica is made up of the fossilized remains of millions of insects, and when taken from the water resembles clay. It dries quite rapidly however, and when the water has fully evaporated the color of the substance changes to white and it bears a marked resemblance to magnesia. The properties which render it valuable are that it is a perfect non-conductor of heat and the best covering known for steam pipes and boilers, while it uses can be multiplied in this direction.

Items of General News

In the New Hampshire House of Representatives the license bill has been defeated 118 to 144.

Capt. Jennings, of the steamship Colina, from Glasgow for Quebec, reported having passed 300 icebergs, 110 at one time being counted.

The contributions for the Johnstown sufferers amount to over two and a half million dollars. It is a big sum of money, but it is none too large for the occasion.

Minneapolis, Minn., says the *Tribune*, is the Queen city of the northwest, with a population of 232,000 souls,—a gain of 16,-161 during the past year.

The wheat crop in Minnesota and Dakota is estimated at 55,000,000 to 90,000,000 bushels. It will be the best crop harvested in six years.

The fire losses in the Unites States during the first six months of the year aggregated over $70,000,000 against a total loss of but $46,500,000 for the same period last year. In loss of life and losses of property through other agencies the first half of 1889 has been notable.

The assessor's returns show the total valuation of Boston to be $795,416,700 an increase of $30,964,100 over last year. The rate of taxation is $12,90 per $1,000 against $13,40 last year. The total number of polls are: Men, 123,335, an increase of 836; women, 310 a loss of 144.

Eben D. Allen, President of the Green Line Street Car Company, New York, was arrested Wednesday, for forging certificates of stock of about 700 shares. He has been president of the company for a long time, and been connected with the company twenty-five years. The amount of Allen's defalcation is stated to be $125,000 or $130,000.

The Maine and New Hampshire Granite Company at Redstone, N. H., is just starting a six story building to put up in Chicago. The stone will be cut from the company's redstone. It is about a year's job for 50 stone cutters. Frank M. Chandler of Rockland, formerly of Biddeford, has been appointed superintendent.

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Burlington Route.

Through Sleeper Daily to Texas Points.

The C., B. & Q. R. R. is now running in connection with the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Ry. from Hannibal, a sleeping car from Chicago to Seidalia, Ft. Scott, Parsons, Denison, Ft. Wort, Waco, Austin, Houston, Galveston, and other points in Missouri, Kansas, Indian Territory and Texas. Train leaves Chicago at 5:45 p. m. daily, Peoria at 8.20 P. M., daily, except on Sunday, and reaches Texas points many hours quicker than any other route. Through tickets and further information can be obtained of Ticket Agents and P. S. Eustis Gen'l Pass. & Tkt. Agt., C., B. & R. R., Chicago. 2140

REUNION OF THE DANIEL GORDON FAMILY AT MR. NELSON GORDON'S ON THE OLD HOMESTEAD IN THORNDIKE, AUG. 13 AND 4. Mr. Daniel Gordon died Aug. 8, 1885, at which time all the family were present. Since then death has entered the circle but three times previous to this occasion. The mother died Dec., 1886, aged 86. Two brothers from Portland, two from Thorndike, and the only sister, Mrs. Wm. F. Black of Searsport, also Mrs. Dyer, a double cousin who has always lived within one mile of the old homestead, Mrs. Wm. Smith of Stockton, the daughter of Col. Moulton, another cousin, who with the grandchildren made the company fifteen. Sunday the children and grandchildren visited the cemetery where repose the remains of father, mother, and two brothers who died in early childhood. They also visited the old Center church which is stamped by age with decay, where in earlier life the children were taught to walk that straight and narrow path which leads to that city whose streets are paved with pure gold. The occasion was very much enjoyed by all present, and the physical bountifully supplied by the generous hands of Mr. Nelson Gordon and wife, who spared not to make the reunion pleasant and one long to be remembered. Ended with vocal music, hymn, "God be with you till we meet again."

Aug. 5. J. P.

Items and Incidents.

Lady—"How old are you, little boy?" Little Darky—"Well, if you go by what mudder says, I spects I's six; but if you goes by de fun I's had, I's most a hundred."

Peculiar

In the combination, proportion, and preparation of its ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures where other preparations entirely fail. Peculiar in its good name at home, which is a tower of strength abroad," peculiar in the phenomenal sales it has attained, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the most successful medicine for purifying the blood, giving strength, and creating an appetite.

Mrs. Magnus—"I think travel broadens one. Don't you think so Mrs. Lofty?" Mrs. Lofty—"O, la! yes. Why I gain ten or fifteen pounds every time I go to Yurrup."

They make one feel as though life was worth living. Take one of Carter's Little Liver Pills after eating; it will relieve dyspepsia, aid indigestion, give tone and vigor to the system.

Mistress, to new cook—"Wednesdays and Saturdays I shall go to market with you." Cook—"Very well, mum; but who's going to carry the basket the other days, mum?"

The vicissitudes of climate are trying to most constitutions, especially to people having impure blood. For all such (and they constitute the majority), the best safeguard is Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the use of which cleanses the blood and strengthens and invigorates the system.

Mrs. Jones (with unopened letter)—"I wonder who it's from!" Mr. Jones—"You can quickly find out by opening it." Mrs. Jones—"Yes, but I am enjoying the anxiety of suspense."

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA,
When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA,
When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA,
When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA.

Disinterested division.—"Did you divide your bon-bons with your little brother, Mollie?" "Yes, mamma; I ate the candy and gave him the mottoes. You know he's awfully fond of reading."

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves and relief and health to your infants. We have put up and sold Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for over thirty years, and can say in confidence and truth of it what we have never been able to say of any other medicine—never has it failed to effect a cure when timely used. We never have known an instance of dissatisfaction by any one who used it. On the contrary, all are delighted with its operations, and speak in terms of highest commendation of its medicinal virtues. We speak what we do know after thirty years experience, and pledge our reputation for the truthfulness of what is here said. In almost every instance where there is pain and sickness in children, relief will be found in from twenty minutes to half an hour after the Syrup is administered. This valuable preparation is the prescription of one of the most skilful and experienced nurses in New England, and has been used with never failing success in thousands of cases. It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is entirely harmless, as it is purely vegetable, and may be taken with perfect confidence by the most delicate infant or feeble invalid. Unlike opium in any form, it produces natural, healthful sleep, by relieving the child from pain, and the consequent restlessness. Be sure and call for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind. Price 25 cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. 2140

Dr. R. C. Flower Coming to Maine.

Dr. R. C. Flower has just completed arrangements by which he will be enabled to visit the following points on the dates given below:

Bangor, Bangor House, August 20; Augusta, Augusta House, August 21; Portland, Falmouth House, August 22.

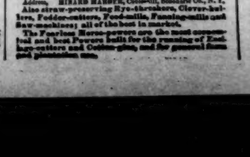
This will give Dr. Flower's friends and patients an opportunity to consult him nearer their own homes, thereby avoiding the trouble and expense of a visit to Boston.

ODD FELLOWS' RELIEF. The annual meeting of the Odd Fellows Mutual Relief Association of Maine was held in Portland, Monday evening. The president of the association, J. Henry Crockett, presided. From the reports of the secretary, John Reed of Lewiston, the treasurer, J. N. Read of Woodfords, and the finance committee, Albro E. Chase of Portland, chairman, the following statistics are gathered: Members Aug. 1, 1888, 4,007; admitted during the year, 74; deceased, 60; dropped, 166; present membership, 4,455; number of assessments laid, 20; total assessments to date, 906; number benefits paid, 63; total benefits to date, 496; paid for benefits this year, $93,000; total payments for benefits to date, $740,802; receipts of the year, $90,743.63; expenses, including benefits and $1350 for officers' salaries, and $2,411.-36 for lodge committees, $4,723.35; funds, par value, $16,481.35; funds, market value, $18,745.54.

The by-laws were amended limiting the age at which members can be admitted to fifty-five years, and making the admission fee of members from 40 to 50 years $10, and from 50 to 55 years $25.

The following officers were elected: President, J. Henry Crockett, Portland; Vice President, Byron Kimball, North Bridgton; Secretary, John Reed, Lewiston; Treasurer, J. N. Read, Woodfords; Finance Committee, Albro E. Chase, Portland; Geo. W. Goss, Lewiston; H. C. Little, Lewiston.

FEARLESS.



This Threshing machine received the highest award of merit at the Centennial Exhibition in the two Gold Medals given by the New York State Agr. Journal Society; and has been selected from all others, and illustrated and described in that great work "Lawson's Cyclopedia of Applied Mechanics." Catalogue free. Address, HILDRETH HARROW, Cortlandt, Salisbury Co., N. Y. Also straw-preserving Rye-threshers, Clover-hullers, Feed-cutters, Fodder-mills, Fanning-mills and Horse-powers, all of the best in market.

The Fearless Horse-powers are the most compact, best and best Powers built for the ease running of Threshers-cutters and Cutting-gins, and for general farm and plantation use.

For Mental Depression

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. L. C. B. TURNER, Colfax, Ia., says: "I am very much pleased with it in mental depression from gastric troubles."

The Markets.

Report of Union Stock Market.

[Specially Reported for the Maine Farmer.]

WATERTOWN, Aug. 13, 1889.

Names of Drovers.	Cattle.	Veals.
G. Towne,	13	2
W. W. Hall & Son,	17	13
P. A. Libby,	8	5
Taylor & Dennison,	1	15
F. L. Libby,	10	30
Gilnes & Weston,	14	5
N. A. Trafton,	19	13
I. C. Libby & Sons,	20	50
J. H. Gilman,	15	27
P. W. Thompson,	18	

LIVE STOCK AT MARKET.

Cattle, 2,675; sheep, 13,263; hogs, 17,549; veals, 811; horses, 456.

MAINE STOCK AT MARKET.

Cattle, 134; veals, 149; horses, 69.

The number of cattle shipped to England during the week passed is 1839 head. Prices reported steady, at 11 to 11¾ cts. dressed weight.

FLUCTUATIONS IN PRICES.

Common beef cattle remain about the same, while choice cattle still attempt to climb the ladder, and will go higher. Best oxen, those called fancy beef, would readily bring 6½, while good fair beef oxen brought 6 cts., with a fair call. Grass steers seemed to be in demand at 3 to 4 cts. live weight, or 5 to 6 cts. dressed weight, with plenty of buyers if animals were in good condition. Bulls and stags and rough cattle sell at a low price, 2 to 3 cts. dressed weight.

Sheep are in demand at firm prices; lambs at 5 to 6½ cts. live weight.

Hogs are plenty, and western rule ¼ cent lower; country dressed at 5¼ to 6 cts.

Veals, ¼ cent higher. A few lots of medium aged fat ones brought 5¼ cts. Range of prices, 2 to 6¼ cts. live weight.

Milch cows—With quite a run of western cows brought from New York State the market is well supplied. About the usual number from the north and east. Prices full as strong, but no particular rise. A good demand noticed for all the first-class cows at good prices, taking other classes of live stock into comparison. A few cows out of each carload bring $40 to $50; the balance, $25 to $35, are the popular prices offered.

Horses, decidedly dull of sale. Common grades rule low. Some good, sound young animals go at $100 under the hammer. The range of prices is $100 to $250.

Working oxen and store cattle—The trade in workers is just begun, with a few buyers looking round and as few pairs of oxen to sell. Prices are about as their value for beef, 3 to 4 cts. live weight.

Store cattle—None in market, nor not much call. The demand will come later.

OTHER FARM PRODUCTS.

Wool—Under recent startling events, among those who were a power in this Boston wool trade, the prices of wool has been paralyzed. It would be difficult to effect sales at anything of a satisfactory price for large lots of wool, although we see no reason why the quiet will not subside and prices and trade go on as usual. The emigration of one more to our American colony in Canada, ought not to demoralize values long, and this or other causes wool of all classes is at least 2 cts. lower, with a dull trade reported.

Hay—This article is reported very abundant, and with the very liberal supply on the track and in the hay sheds, the railroad companies urging commission men to unload to loosen up their rolling stock, places the price wholly in favor of the buyer, and hay can buy hay low at present time. Fair carloads have been sold at $14 to $15—it takes good hay to bring $17. The new crop is looked upon as a heavy one, and under present prices of all kinds for feed, dealers say it must go lower than last year.

SALES OF MAINE STOCK.

W. W. Hall sold 4 oxen, to dress 1100 lbs., at 6¼ cts.; 1 steer, 1050 lbs., at 6 cts. dressed weight; 2 steers, 1050 each, at 5½ cts.; 13 veals, 145 lbs. each, at 5 cts. N. A. Trafton sold 8 good oxen, to dress 1000 lbs. each, at 6 cts. dressed weight; 1 steer, 1120 lbs weight, at 3½ cts.; new milch cow, at $40; 10 calves, 1700 lbs., at 5 cts. Gilnes & Weston sold 4 calves, 620 lbs., at 4¾ cts.; 6 three year old steers, that averaged 1050 lbs. each, at 3½ live weight. P. W. Thompson & Son sold 2 steers, averaging 900 lbs., at 3¼ cts.; 6 steers that weighed 6700 lbs., at $3.65 per hundred alive. J. H. Gilman sold 3 cows, extra ones, for $145; veal calves at 5 cts.; 5 young calves for 2 steers, 6 feet 6 inches to girth, that weighed 3320 lbs., at 3¾ cts. I. C. Libby & Sons sold 10 new milch cows at $35 to $50; 8 springers for $300; veal calves at 5 cts.

REMARKS.

A glimpse at the markets will interest those who have live stock to sell, and answer several letters received asking when certain grades of stock will be saleable. All New England cattle arrive and are unloaded at Union Market, Watertown, and in being shipped from any point in Maine should be so billed. Trains arrive from six different roads, all in the morning hours, connecting at two of them, so that it brings up the rear and comes last, arriving, if on time, at half past five Tuesday morning of each week. Sheep, hogs, beef cattle, veal calves, and some of the working oxen and milch cows are sold at this market before ten o'clock, as the market breaks up at about that hour, and all stock remaining unsold is driven over to Brighton, a distance of less than one mile. Here the working oxen are tied up in barns, and well cared for and fitted for the next day's sale, Wednesday. If they have been bought up by what is termed here "local" buyers, some fitting is done. If wrinkles appear too numerous on their horns, indicative of age, they are removed with rasp and sand paper in such fine slope as to almost make the animal himself think he is young again, and to effectually convince the unwary buyer of his youthfulness. Working oxen are sold under the yoke for so many dollars, although their value is estimated by their live weight, the girth having very little to do in fixing the price, not so much a build and training. Horns add very much to the value of workers if long, smooth, and alike. Preference is shown any little uniform mark, like stars in the head or corresponding white spots, or other distinguishing marks, if alike on each ox, adds materially to his value, and causes them frequently to be sold as twins, although they may be the products of different towns and counties. The demand for working oxen is generally lost during the fall months. Milch cows, which now form quite a feature among Maine cattle, are shipped in with other droppings in some car, and are sold at Union Market wholly on the word of the drover, it being impossible for the buyer to tell old calved ones from those just come in. All remaining unsold are driven to Brighton and tied in barns, fed well with liberal rations of shorts, and their capacity for making milk is shown by the size of the bag, which contains two milkings, or all the milk that made the previous day-morning when her offspring was sold. This showing makes her price. Sometimes farmers milk their cows very near up to the time they have their boasies, which is all wrong and is injurious to the cow, which should have at least two months' rest. Such cows will not bag out, and although desirable animals go for a low price. Losing game for the unlucky drover who gets cheated with such an animal. Cows are sold largely to milkmen, although there are a class of men called "cow jockeys," who buy, sell and trade for a living, generally sharpers, which is made apparent to the unsophisticated greenhorn who puts in an appearance here. For a sample of these Brighton tricks, let will suffice to state that occurred to me when a boy, it being my second trip to Brighton. I carried to Brighton that week a fine large cow, bought of a near neighbor. I took to be a good one, for which I paid $45. Knowing this cow would make an immense bag with two milkings, I determined to make a profit on her, so asked $60 the first day. An eagle-eyed cow jockey, who is in the business now, saw her and offered me $50, which I refused and tied her up, inviting him to look at her in the morning. The barn where our animals are tied is common to all at all hours. I dreamed of my ten dollar profit and went to the barn early next day and found a borrowed me for attempting to sell him a three teated cow; said he ought to arrest me as a swindler, but said the cow might do for him in her imperfect condition, and offered me $30 and a hand shake. To avoid trouble I took his offer, and lost $15. I learned afterwards that he had forestalled me at the barn and had milked those udder all out dry; and later he laughed at me, saying he saw the map of Maine in my green pumpkin face. Very many tricks are practiced in the cow trade. At the present time 400 to 700 head of cows are sold each week in Brighton. I. C. LIBBY.

Cranberry bogs at Cape Cod are looking better than for some years, and indications point to a large crop.

A Timely Cup of Sanford's Cinger Tea

Sanford's Cinger

The Delicious Summer Medicine.

Exposure to a chill during the drive, or to night air, or unexpected change of temperature, is a most frequent cause of sudden stomach ills, which all should guard against by a timely cup of ginger tea made from SANFORD'S GINGER, a most popular and delicious preventive of summer ills.

This original combination of imported ginger, choice aromatics, and medicinal French brandy instantly relieves cramps and pains, speedily checks all forms of summer ills, prevents indigestion, destroys disease germs in water drunk, restores the circulation and digestion when suspended or a chill,—a frequent consequence of stomach troubles,—breaks up colds and fevers, promotes sleep, allays nervousness, and wards off malarial influences.

Beware of cheap, worthless, and often dangerous gingers, which are urged as substitutes. Ask for

Sanford's Cinger

With Our Trade-Mark on the Wrapper.

Boston Market.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, Aug. 13, 1889.

FLOUR, GRAIN, HAY AND MILLFEED. There are no particular changes to note in the flour market. The position is still very quiet. Quotations are not changed.

Corn meal is a little firmer, on the stronger position of corn in the West. The quotations are: Export cornmeal, $2.20@2.30; choice granulated, $2.70@2.80; bag meal, 90@93c; oatmeal, $5.40 for fine; cut, $5.70. Rye is quoted at 70c in 100-bus lots, at 65c for carload lots; job lots, $3@3.25.

Corn is stronger to ship from the West. There were sales early of steamer yellow at 49¼c, but later 49½c was asked for high mixed. The quotations are: High mixed, 49¼c;

Poetry.

It Turns to Gold in a Single Night.

At the foot of the hill the milk-house stands,
Where the balm of Gilead spreads his hands,
And the willow trails at each pendant tip,
The lazy lash of a golden whip,
And an ice-cold spring with a twinkling sound,
Makes a bright-green edge for the dark-green ground.

Cool as a cave is the air within,
Brave are the shelves with the burnished tin
Of the curving shores, and the seas of white,
That turn to gold in a single night,
As if the discs of a winter's moon
Should take the tint of a new doubloon.

Burned to a coal is the amber day,
Noon's splendid fire has faded away,
And, lodged on the edge of a world grass grown,
Like a great live ember glows the sun;
When it falls behind the crimson bars
Look out for the sparks of the early stars.

With the clang of her bell a motherly brown—
No trace of her lineage handed down—
Is leading the long, deliberate line
Of the Devons red and the Durhams fine;
"Co-boss!" "Co-boss!" and the canvas,
With a dowager swing comes down the lane,
And lowing along from the clover bed
Troops over the bars with a slumbering tread.

Under the lea of the patient beasts,
On their tripod stools like Pythian priests,
The low-clad boys and the linsey girls
Make the cows "give down" in milky swirls.
There's a stormy time in the drifted pails,
There's a sea-foam swash in the driving gales,
Then girls and boys with whistle and song,
The pails spoken, meander along
The winding path in the cooled milk room.
FREDERICK SUMNER.

Right and Wrong.

BY GEORGE MCDONALD.

Alas! how easily things go wrong
A sigh too much, or a kiss too long,
And there follows a mist and sweeping rain,
And life is never the same again.

Alas! how hardly things go right!
The hard watch on a summer's night,
For the sigh will come and the kiss will stay,
And the summer's night is a winter's day.

And yet how easily things go right
If the sigh and kiss of the winter's night
Come deep from the soul in the stronger ray
That is born in the light of the winter's day.

And things can never go badly wrong
If the heart be true and the love be strong;
For the mist if it comes, and the weeping rain
Will be changed by love into sunshine again.

Our Story Teller.

A LITTLE SERMON.

There were ten ladies in Mrs. Wayne's spacious parlors by special invitation. They were waiting, with some delightful anticipation, the serving of the five o'clock tea, for their hostess was an adept in getting up delicious refreshments. It lacked about ten minutes of five when Mrs. Wayne, with a charming smile, said: "I have another guest, and before I bring her down I have a brief story to tell concerning her and myself. I have neither time nor inclination to go into details, but I want to say that there was a time in my life when I was left a poor, friendless child, and Miss Dorothy Harris, my guest, now up stairs, proved my friend in time of need. She was not in the least related, but out of pure, sweet charity, offered me many a 'cup of cold water,' which, I can assure you, I drank gladly and thankfully. I have not seen her before for fifteen years, and it was a complete surprise to me when she arrived this afternoon. She told me at once that if it were not convenient for me to receive her she had another friend in the city somewhere that she could visit. Of course I assured her that it was convenient, and I was delighted to see her. She has never been in a city house before, and I want her to have the best time she has ever had in her life. She is odd and old-fashioned, and 'murders the king's English,' as Dick says, but she is a dear old creature and has one of the kindest hearts that ever beat in a woman's breast. I know you are all ladies and Christians, and so, although Miss Harris is not like you, I am quite sure that for my sake and, her voice dropping, "for Christ's, you will make her one with you."

Mrs. Wayne excused herself for a moment and soon returned with a tall woman, with shoulders slightly bent, whom she introduced as Miss Harris. Notwithstanding Mrs. Wayne's little story about her, the ladies were hardly prepared to mingle familiarly with one evidently so inferior to themselves. There was no denying the fact that Miss Harris was exceedingly "commonplace," and they were "highly cultured," according to common verdict. Miss Harris' face was sallow and wrinkled, her blue eyes pale and weak, her gray hair thin and drawn back tightly from her high forehead, with not the least attempt to make it ornamental. Her large hands were rough from hard work, and at first she acted as if she did not know what to do with them. She wore a coarse, gray serge dress, made perfectly plain, and a long white apron, with a large pocket, out of which peeped the ends of some shining knitting-needles.

"Miss Harris, ladies," said Mrs. Wayne, introducing her apparently with as much pleasure as if she were the most cultured lady in the land; "one of my dearest and most valued friends."

The deprecatory look with which Miss Harris first regarded the ladies, as if fearing their adverse criticism, died out of her face as those reassuring words "one of my dearest and most valued friends," reached her ear. She had feared that her friend might be ashamed of her, and she would not have blamed her if she had been, for she was "no different" from those other friends.

"Her small eyes, under the silver-rimmed "specs," were exceedingly observant, and she noted appreciatively the grace and ease, the unconsciousness, the charming flow of cultivated language and the tasteful and elegant apparel of those "other friends."

When tea was served Miss Harris poured her's into the saucer. No one smiled—the ladies were too well bred for that—and then, for fear that Miss Harris might be mortified if she should discover that no one else poured tea out, pretty Mrs. Wayne kept her company. Miss Harris naturally made many mistakes, the most pronounced of which was to eat the small piece of lemon that floated on the water of her finger-bowl. No one seemed to notice them, however. That "little sermon" Mrs. Wayne had preached in her earnest but winsome way, acknowledging her loyalty to the "tried and true" friend of other days, had so impressed them that each and all did their best to be as agreeable as possible.

Miss Harris was perfectly charmed, not only with Mrs. Wayne, but with her guests, her home and all her surroundings. The lovely face of the hostess often sought her eyes with a fond, reassuring smile. The laughing and happy flow of talk among the guests, the neatly-dressed and attentive waiters, the sparkle of bright silver and cut-glass, the crystal chandelier sending down upon the bright scene its mellow, soft bow-hued light, the beautiful roses sending forth sweetness, the sweet but subdued strains of music wafted to them from a trio of musicians in the distant library, sounding like bird songs at dawn, and then like clear water trickling down a mountain-side, changing off to a mother's lullaby, followed by a paean of praise—all these things taken together made her feel as if she had suddenly been translated to a new world, a beautiful world, where hard work and grief had no part, for this was altogether new to her. She had never before been in a city home. She was accustomed to eat her meals in the little back kitchen, served on a small table against the wall. She was used to hard work, to struggles to make both ends meet, to weariness and sorrow; used, too—dear, patient soul—to daily service in the Master's vineyard, to the giving of "cups of cold water" to the "feeding" of his "lambs."

When the ladies had all gone Mrs. Wayne found Miss Harris sitting in a sort of a reverie before the glowing grate-fire, her hands clasped upon her lap. She sat down beside her and laying her fair hand upon the clasped ones, she said, in a caressing tone: "Have you had a good time, dear? And are you very tired?"

The rough old hands unclasped, and took the beautiful face of Mrs. Wayne between them tenderly. Then a voice, tremulous with tears, said: "I've had the very best time I've ever had, dear child, and I'm not a bit tired, but very happy. God bless you, dearie!"

One of the other guests—such is the influence of one brave soul—went home and wrote a letter to an old friend of her mother's who had wanted to visit her, telling her that, after all, she had found that it was "convenient" to have her come, and that she would be "delighted to have her." There were others, too, who did kindness after that "little sermon" which they had never imagined they could do. "People will talk, you know," she would say, by way of excuse for so long witholding the "cups of cold water" they might have offered. But we will follow one of the ladies, Mrs. Burt, too. Although she had been one of the most attentive and charming of the "select circle" to Mrs. Wayne's uninvited guests, she had felt a twinge of remorse even while her face was brightest. Her guest was a maiden aunt of her husband's who had come to spend a month. She had been like a mother to him, and yet, although he had welcomed her warmly, she had not. She had never dreamed of introducing "Aunt Sally" (as Mrs. Burt called the old lady) to any of her friends. "I should be ashamed to," she said; "everybody would laugh." And he had turned away sorrowfully, and I must confess, indignantly, only saying, "I am not ashamed of her; I should be ashamed of myself if I were. And no one would laugh, either—that is, no one with a heart and head." Mrs. Burt had kept her word and Mr. Burt had kept his. She was ashamed of Aunt Sally; he was not. Every evening found him her devoted companion.

"This sitting-room you can have all to yourself evenings," Mrs. Burt had said to Aunt Sally, "and you can do just as you like here—knit, read or doze. Callers coming in will not disturb you."

"Thank you Niece Rose," Aunt Sally had replied, gently; but Mr. Burt was sure that he saw the aged lips quiver, and his heart was sore.

Mr. Burt was very fond of his wife, and their evenings together before Aunt Sally's coming had been most delightful. Mrs. Burt was an accomplished musician and he was a passionate lover of music. Then, too, she had many charming friends, and it had been a pleasure for him to help entertain them as they dropped in sociably evenings. But he turned his back resolutely on all pleasures now. If Aunt Sally was too old-fashioned to be allowed a seat in the parlor he was too loyal to desire one there for himself. He declared mentally and savagely to Mrs. Burt that he "would'nt turn his back on dear, faithful old Aunt Sally, who had been like a mother to him, for fifty wives." He read and talked to her evenings. He took her to a concert and a lecture, and he was planning other things for her pleasure when Aunt Sally startled him by remarking, "I think I will go home to-morrow John."

"Home!" he exclaimed, in surprise, "why you came to stay a month and you haven't been here a week."

"It will be a week to-morrow, Nephew John, and that's quite a long visit for an old lady like me. You've been very kind to me, dear boy, very kind; I'll not forget it." Her lips quivered pitifully, as she put out her toil-worn hand, which he grasped as fondly as if it had been the hand of his beautiful wife. Somehow he could not speak; his heart was too full for words. He wanted her to stay; he wanted her to know he cared for her. "God knows I do," he said to himself, "but she mustn't suspect it here for her to be here, cooped in this one room as if she were a lunatic, instead of the best woman on God's earth. I never would have believed this of Rose," with an inward groan; "what contemptable, tricks a false pride will serve its victims! When a woman will she will, you may depend on it, and if Rose willed what a happy time dear Aunt Sally might be having. But if a woman won't she won't, and that's the end of it and so I suppose she must go."

"John dear," said a tremulous voice.

"Well, Aunt Sally?" with gentle questioning.

"I shall never forget how good you've been to me—giving up all your evenings to an old country body like me, an' bringin' me flowers an' fruit an' everything. You've been wonderfully kind and good, dear boy."

He found his voice then. He knelt down beside his faithful old friend and said, huskily, "Good to you, Aunt Sally! What have I done? It's scarcely a drop in a bucket compared to your goodness to me in past years."

They did not know that Mrs. Burt had returned from Mrs. Wayne's. They did not know that while she sat warming her feet over the ball register she had heard all. They did not know that her heart was aching and her eyes misty as she contrasted her behavior with Mrs. Wayne's. And that it was not too late she thought to show christian courtesy. Aunt Sally was going home, driven there by her unkindness. Something about "not being forgetful to entertain strangers" and "angels" mingled bewilderingly in her mind. She knew by the sound of her husband's voice how grieved he was at the state of affairs. Would he ever forgive her? Would Aunt Sally? She pushed aside the portiere curtain, and a moment later was kneeling beside John. She threw one arm around his neck and the other about Aunt Sally's, and then a scene occurred which drew three hearts very closely together. Aunt Sally did not go home next day, nor even at the end of the month. A year of such happiness as the old lady had never before known was granted John's nephew John and niece Rose being the promoters of it. And then the angel of death came for her suddenly and bore her away. Her last words were, "I'm leaving this world sweet as it was a bit of heaven, and God bless you for your goodness."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

HOW LOTTIE HELPED.

"Did you ever see such a looking room!" The sharply accented exclamation sprang from the lips of a young girl as she crossed the threshold of the old red farm-house kitchen on her way to school.

Very pretty and wholesome Lottie Emery looked, as she came lightly tripping down stairs, across the shaded orderly dining-room, in her airy suit of nun's velling and graceful sun-hat knotted about with a wide blue sash.

Early risers were the inmates of this busy farm home; and not three-fourths of an hour before, Lottie had left that same wide, low ceiled kitchen in "apple pie" order, which was her favorite term for scrupulous neatness and orderly arrangement of a room.

"Cleaning up" after breakfast was always Lottie's work, and so, too, was the care of the dining-room and chambers. Very seldom did the old Townsend clock, perched on one end of the kitchen mantle, whir for eight o'clock in the long summer mornings, but found Lottie's tasks nearly accomplished and she at liberty to commence her half-mile walk to school.

But this morning it wasn't quite eight, yet beds had been aired and made, chambers and kitchen put to rights, the dining-room swept and dusted, fresh flowers picked for the parlor vases, and she, lunch-basket and bookstrap in hand, ready for school; but on the kitchen threshold she paused in dismay. "Such a looking room! Who did it?"

Well, that great stack of milk pans, smeared with bonny-clabber inside and out, that Lottie's tired-faced mother had just brought up from the milk cellar and piled into the sink till leisure—no, not leisure, who ever knows leisure, in a farmhouse kitchen in summer time?—till she found a hurried opportunity to wash them—helped in the confusion; and that litter of ash shavings by the wood box, that farmer Emery had scattered there not ten minutes before as he whittled an ox-goad while he chatted with "mother" a moment, added to the chaos; and the unwashed churn, also from the milk cellar, with dasher and ladle and dripping butter paddles tilted across its top, waiting for those same tireless brown hands and hot water, added not a little to that disorderly state of affairs; and the overturned box of red bell-peppers in the open window, with dirt sifting along the ledge and across the floor—the combined work of Rover, foraging under it on the summer breeze—helped in the clutter; and a big slop pail by the sink, and a train of little slops along the floor leading from the well to the water-pail rest on the sink-board told even big Rover, as he indignantly lifted his clumsy feet from the slops to track them across the bell-pepper's dirtifying over the floor, that careless Fred had for once brought his mother a pail of water.

But this patient, very busy mother, where was she?

A pile of pie-plates flanking the heaped pan of flour on the long kitchen table, another pan of prepared pumpkin and prepared "mixing" and cream, gave promise that pastry were under way. The cellar door standing open, and the big dinner-pot jarring its iron cover with imprisoned steam, and a flank of corned beef over the hot stove, noisily testified that the house-mother was in the cellar foraging for vegetables.

"I should think mother would stifle working all the forenoon in this sweltering kitchen!" Lottie exclaimed, reaching for her sun-umbrella that hung on the wall.

"Better be here a little by putting the kitchen to rights," whispered the little voice that sometimes gives an unpleasant jog to our thoughts. "You will have plenty of time before school, and only think of the surprise and pleasure it will give her!"

A little scowl come between Lottie's pretty eyes. "It's not my work to wash the milk dishes, and it's not my fault if the kitchen is all in a clutter. I'm sure I put it in apple-pie order not an hour ago" —the little foot poised over the plank door-step.

"For even Christ pleased not himself."

Why should that Scripture passage flash in mind just then?—the day's verse on the little bright-colored calendar that hung just under the clock. Lottie had read it with a quick glance as she paused in her dusting to tear off yesterday's leaf.

"But it is nothing hot here, and I have hurried all the morning to finish my work, that I might walk to school before the sun gets scorching high in the heavens; besides, mother doesn't expect me to help her."

"Then give her a pleasant surprise as well as rest, by setting the kitchen in order before she comes in," buzzed the little voice close at hand.

"Pleased not himself."

The red letters of the calendar seemed to glow before Lottie's eyes, but it wasn't that; it was only those red bell-peppers that had toppled on to the floor from the window-sill.

"I'll do it. Mother will have her hands full with the vegetables and pies and the dinner. She'll be pitying me if I am not willing to give her a little extra lift in the work ago and then."

The shade hat went up on a nail with a toss; off came the dainty cuffs and tiny ruffled apron, and in place of it appeared covering the neat school-dress—went on her big checked apron.

"I hope mother will dress the vegetables before she comes into the kitchen, and then I shall have plenty of time to straighten things before she sees it," thought Lottie, softly latching the cellar door, that the clatter of pans and whisk of broom might not reach her mother's ears.

A shadow fell across the kitchen window, and looking up Lottie saw her mother carrying from the cool-way a basket of vegetables carefully selected from last year's sand-packed supplies to the cool shade of the lilac trees in the back yard, there to dress them for the dinner-pot.

Broom and dish-cloth, wing and dust-pan—how they flew that next half hour!

The warped, forked hand of the old clock pointed the quarter to nine before the laundry sun-hat come down, Lottie lightly tripped through the red-framed doorway of the kitchen on her way to school.

A little later in the day, deep in the intricacies of geometry and the bewildering dates of history, in the cooler temperature of the breezy school-room, out of mind went the remembrance of her morning's kindness. Only once she thought of it, and that was in the noon hour when little Johnny Andrews confidentially whispered to a classmate that "mas is going to have a 'bled dish' for supper."

Lottie smiled, thinking of the vegetables she had seen loosing their rough coats in the shadows of the lilac trees that morning; and "I wonder what mother said when she came in and found the revolution in her kitchen!" was the thought that set her bright eyes dancing as she passed to her desk.

"Dear child! God bless the dear child!" was just what her mother said as she entered the kitchen, heated and tired, wearily thinking of the work that must be met before noon.

Oh, it was such a help, and so restful for that hurried, discouraged mother to find her kitchen in order and her sink cleared of its stack of milk pans!

"The dear, dear child!" Lottie little knew how often she was in her mother's thoughts that day, and how her loving absence did lift a burden from her mother set a little bird singing in that heart all day as she toiled; for love lightens labor, and these mothers never forget, never overlook or cease to hunger for expressions of love and smypathy from the dear ones of their household unto whom they have ministered unceasingly and uncomplainingly; but in many and many a home, all too late, this lovingly expressed sympathy and tender care come.

When the tired feet are still, the hands crossed in strange whiteness and idleness, the sweet lips that never before in all our lifetime refused to answer us or be dumb to our entreaties, mute and cold; then all too late, we wake to her worth, and bitter regret we had not "made more of mother" when she was with us!—*Quiver.*

Choice Miscellany.

"One of the Multitude."

When I am dead!
When all my world of thought
Has crumbled into nought,
When my last word is said,
When I have laid me down upon my bed,
And shut my eyes on sea and strife,
On woven toys and pains—
When the vast tide of onward rushing life
Has left me far from its tempestuous main,
O God! how will it be when I am dead?

Above my head
The April grass will grow,
The starry daisies blow;
All things will come again,
Blossom and ripen and remain.
The sun will shine, the wayward wind will roam,
And softly fall the rain,
While I lie low
Beneath the far off blue of the unchanging dome.

If those who hold me dear,
Who loved and love me yet,
In tender memory and mournful fear,
A stone above my burial place shall set,
With my name, in days when all forget,
Bright nature shall draw near
And, smiling, spoil
The record, cut with melancholy toil.

Her softly busy fingers will efface
The token of their care,
With rain and sunshowers,
With growth of moss and flowers,
Hiding remembering stealthily apace.
Will she, through many a gilding day and week,
Unwearied—O most pitiless and fair!
Destroy the letters dim, the latest words I speak,
Till nought remains to tell
That ever I have lived, who loved her once so well!

When I am dead! am dead!
And past all reach of hopes and fears,
Before some loving eyes
My face, perhaps, may rise
Seen dimly through a tender mist of tears.
My memory a little space will stand
Upon the borders of the living land;
Enclosed with a quiet light,
Whose gentle rays
Are pale reflections from my sunlit days.
Then I shall vanish quite.
Calm with a calmness nothing can destroy,
Safe with a safety naught can more molest,
A shadow 'mid the phantoms of my joy,
And then the light must wane.

Causes of Heart Failure.

Ordinarily, and in normal conditions of the system, and in adults, the pulsations vary in number from sixty to eighty in a minute, but this rule is not without its exceptions. I have known healthy persons to whom the heart beats were as few as forty a minute, and others in which it exceeded ninety. They are generally increased in all persons by mental excitement, by exhilarating food or drink, or even by an ordinary meal, and by physical exercise. I think it undoubtedly true that the heart beats more rapidly at the present day than it did fifty years ago—a result which must be ascribed to the greater mental activity of the age. As a consequence the heart wears out more quickly now than it did with our ancestors, and cases of heart weakness and heart failure, which in former times were almost unknown, are now quite common. Like every other muscle of the body, the heart is strengthened by exercise, but this exercise must be systematic, regular, and not so excessive as to make too great a demand on the powers of the organ. For instance, a person who has not been in the habit of taking much physical exercise has a heart, which, like all the other muscles of the body, is comparatively weak. He is suddenly forced to exert himself in a manner which is unusual to him. He runs one hundred yards or so, or rapidly ascends a long and steep staircase. This exertion causes him to breathe more rapidly than is natural to him, the blood must be sent into the lungs in increased quantity, the heart must respond to the demands made upon it, and in order to accomplish its work its pulsations are greatly increased in number. It may be unable to accomplish its task, and it suddenly stops altogether, and in the twinkling of an eye death ensues. Another may think it is leading a very regular life. It is a business of one of the clerks, and when he has to go from place to place he rides in a horse-car or drives in a carriage. He probably does not walk altogether as much as a mile a day. Suddenly some violent emotion is excited within him; the heart participates in the great disturbance. It throws more blood into the lungs than they can manage, the pulmonary vessels are clogged, it cannot overcome the obstacle of a column of almost stagnant blood, it stops, and the individual is dead of heart failure. We can scarcely pick up a newspaper without reading of some such occurrences as these, not the result of organic disease of the heart, such as derangement of its valves, but a functional disorder, the result of a vicious mode of life. That in many cases the heart may be strengthened by proper hygienic measures and medical treatment is not a question. In regard to this there is no doubt. Systematic but moderate exercise, which, strengthening the other muscles of the body, also strengthens the heart, is probably the most valuable of all the means to be adopted, and this climbing heights should be a prominent feature. A person unaccustomed to this kind of physical exertion should, of course, proceed very carefully and under the direction of a physician until the body has become habituated to the work. The food should be of the most nutritious character, not overstimulating, and especially not excessive in quantity. Tobacco, if used at all, should be used in moderation, for it is very certain that inordinate indulgence in this direction weakens the heart. The like is true of alcoholic drinks of all kinds. The mode of life should be such as to militate against the accumulation of fat in the body. The heart of a man weighing one hundred and fifty pounds, for instance, may be strong enough for all the purposes of life; but if he makes his body weigh two hundred pounds the proper proportion is destroyed and the heart is relatively weak. The materia medica embraces several agents which are heart tonics, and used by the use of which the tone of the organ is increased, but they are not to be employed without the advice of a physician. It is just as easy to make the heart strong as it is to strengthen the muscles of the arms or legs, and if proper views on this subject can be caused to prevail, and to be carried out in practice, we shall hear less of weak heart and heart failure. Science will then be able to dispense with an elevator when he has to ascend to the seventh or eighth story of a building, and he can then indulge in a fit of anger, if so disposed, without running the risk of dropping dead at the feet of his antagonist.

Dogs that Remember.

The late Mr. Eyre, a clergyman, left a dog which was very much attached to him at the country house of a friend, while he left England for a long sojourn abroad. After two years Mr. Eyre returned, says the *London Mail*, arriving at his friend's house late at night, and retiring without having the dog called. Next morning Mr. Eyre was awakened by the dog's bursting into his bedroom, and jumping on him with the wildest demonstrations of delight.

"How on earth did he know I had arrived?" asked the gentleman of the servant who brought him tea.

"Oh, sir," the man replied, "it is the most curious thing! As I was cleaning your boots the dog recognized them and became excited beyond measure, and I have not been able to quiet him till he saw where I was carrying them, and rushed up along with me to your door."

The correspondent of the same English paper relates that he gave away, at a year old, a dog which he was unable to keep in his London home. After eight years the dog was returned to his first owner.

"The dog met me," says the correspondent, "at first as a stranger, and then, with little animated sniffs of inquiry, going round and round me. I remained still for a few moments, while the dog grew more and more excited. At last I stooped and patted her, and called her by her name, 'Dee.'

"On hearing my voice the poor beast gave what I can only describe as a scream of rapture, and leaped into my arms. From that moment she attached herself to me as if she had never left me, and with the tenderest devotion."

ODDITIES IN MENU. Parrots are eaten in Mexico.

Spiders are considered a delicacy roasted in the new Caledonias.

Silk worms are looked upon as delicious in China.

Snails, frogs' legs and geese livers are epicurean dishes in France.

Caterpillars are to Africans like reed bird on toast.

Ants are stewed and served up in both Africa and Brazil.

Birds' nests of the edible sort bring their weight in silver for the tables of rich Chinese mandarins.

Bees are eaten regularly by the Singalese.

Skunk is hunted as desirable game by the natives of the Argentine Republic.

The Horrors of War.

There is something terribly menacing in the ping of a musket-ball, as it cuts the air above the heads of the men in line—something to try the nerves of the bravest in the rush of a solid shot, but of all the missiles in war the scream of a shell is the wickedest. A bomb-shell flies with a long "w-o-u-s-h!"—something like the rush of a big sky-rocket—and there are shells used by the light artillery which fly with a sort of long-drawn sigh, not at all terrifying; but the man who hears the scream of a Whitworth shell will never forget the sound to the day of his death. It is a concentration of the war-whoop of an Indian, the snarl of a tiger, the scream of a woman in mortal terror. It begins afar off with a muttered threat of vengeance; it grows upon the ear with a howl as of wolves in pursuit of a lone traveler; it comes nearer with shrieks of baffled rage; it is at hand with a scream which can be likened to nothing but the cries of a mob mad for death and destruction. I have seen a dozen men killed by these Whitworth shells, and I verily believe that most of them were so terrified by the sounds that they suffered nothing in the moment of death. One could tell, after a few experiences, whether the shell was in the direct line or to the right or left. The artillerist never showed a feeling of helplessness—a sort of dumb terror which held the limbs captive. One could not have run away had he so desired, but where could one run to? No one would at last where these terrors would fall after their flight, the instant they were to explode and send their fragments hither and thither to search out and claim victims? When the blockaders lay off the mouth of the Cape Fear river, two or three of the Whitworth guns were in constant use by the confederates. They had a range of six miles, and were almost as accurate as rifles. Whenever a blockader ventured within range by daylight she became the target for a Whitworth. If the wind was off shore we could hear one of these shells as soon as it left the muzzle of the gun. Its flight began with a shriek of fiendish glee, changed to a moan of agony, rose to a scream for vengeance, and the last quarter of a mile was a combination of scream and shriek which brought the hair on end and the cold chills to the spine. The man who pretended not to fear them was a base hypocrite. The man whose ears can take in those sounds without affecting his nerve does not live to do battle. Our vessel was struck two or three times, and on five or six occasions had close calls, but the shells which struck were no more terrifying than those which dropped into the water, with the hiss of a monster serpent, one hundred feet away. To be killed by a shell bursting at the instant of contact means more than death. It means such a complete annihilation as can be affected in no other manner on earth, except by the explosion of gunpowder or nitro-glycerine. The victim may see a flash, hear a roar, but it must come in the fiftieth part of a second. The vengeance of man grants him the merest iota of time. Those to the right and left see a flash of flame and hear an explosion and the "w-h-i-n-g-!" of fragments, but the victim—perhaps the man on his immediate right or left—has been blotted off the face of the earth as if he had never existed. When the roar of battle had died away to a low growl, when the growl had become an occasional mutter, when the mutter had lapsed to a gasp, in which a man in blue or gray yields up his life to his last bullet, we will make a search. There is blood on the parched grass, bits of burned clothing on limb and bush, a lock of hair here and there, with a bit of scalp attached. We may find a button or two, a broken and twisted gun-barrel or bayonet, the visor of a soldier's cap. That is all. These are the relics—the fragments—of a soldier struck by a shell. That is, they may be. Sometimes not even a button is found—nothing but a splash on the earth to show that blood and fragments fell there.—*Cor. New York Sun.*

Rarus and Jim.

No sketch of Rarus would be complete without some mention of his remarkable friendship for a dog, says a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*. When the horse was in California, a fireman gave to Splan a wiry-haired Scotch terrier pup, who was then two months old, and weighed when full grown only two pounds. Splan in turn gave the pup to Dave, the groom of Rarus, with the caution not to let the horse hurt him, for on several occasions Rarus had bitten dogs that ventured into his stall. This terrier who is described as a positive, sessing "almost human intelligence," the trotter took a great fancy, which the dog fully returned. They became fast and inseparable friends.

"Not only," says Mr. Splan, "were they extremely fond of each other, but they showed their affection plainly as did ever a man for a woman. We never took any pains to teach the dog anything about the horse. Everything he knew came to him by his own patience. From the time I took him to the stable a pup until I sold Rarus, they were never separated an hour. We once left the dog in the stall while we took the horse to the blacksmith shop, and when we came back we found he had made havoc with everything there was in there trying to get out, while the distress of the dog during the entire journey was uneasy, restless, and in general acted as badly as the dog did. Dave remarked that he thought that we should never keep the horse and dog together after that. When Rarus went to the track for exercise or to trot a race the dog would follow Dave around and sit by the gate by the track, following Rarus with as much interest as Dave did. When the horse returned to the stable after a heat and was unchecked, the dog would walk up and climb up on his forward legs and kiss him, the horse always bending his head down to receive the caress. In the stable, after work was over, Jim and the horse would often frolic like two boys. If the horse lay down, Jim would climb on his back, and in that way soon learned to ride him; and whenever I led Rarus out to show him to the public, Jim invariably knew what it meant, and it enhanced the value of the performance by the manner in which he would get on the horse's back. On these occasions the horse was shown to halter, and Jimmy, who learned to distinguish applause from hisses in which the entire stable was used, would follow Dave and Rarus out on the quarter-stretch, and then when the halt was made in front of the grand stand Jim would scamper up and down. In the morning the flash Jimmy would jump on his neck, run up his shoulder, from there leap on the horse's back, and there he would stand, his head high in the air and his tail out stiff behind, barking furiously at the people.

When Rarus was sold to Mr. Bonner, Splan sent Jimmy with the horse, rightly judging that it would be cruel to separate them. But in Mr. Bonner's stable there was a bull terrier in charge, and one day, when for some real or fancied affront, the small dog attacked the larger one, the latter took Jimmy by the neck and was fast killing him; but Rarus heard his outcries, and perceiving that his little friend was in danger and distress, pulled back on the halter till it broke, rushed out of his stall, and with one blow of his fore-foot on the bull terrier had he not been restrained by the grooms."

Ambitious Women.

Sometimes this term is used with a sneer with the intention of disparaging women who do not think their whole duty solely to the work of the household. Perhaps it is just as well that it should be so, for it is well known that sneers always help on a good cause. No sooner does one begin to sneer at one thing than it arouses combativeness, and some one else immediately champions it. So it is in this matter, and the apellation, "ambitious woman" is one to be coveted rather than feared. The truth is, there is no reason why a woman should not be ambitious in any way her natural aspirations direct her; instead of injuring her home, it is likely to benefit both her home and herself.

The above will probably sound like a paradox to many, but it is true, on the same principle that the busiest people are always the ones who find time to do useful and important things outside of their own little round. One worthy ambition does not shut out all the rest, but, like charity, ennobles the whole nature so that one becomes desirous of doing all things better. If a woman has a taste for good reading, it will tend to make her all the better housekeeper, though it is freely admitted that a taste for trashy stories does not have this effect. So, too, if one has a desire for music, or social life to a reasonable extent, or for writing, or for any other good thing, she is improved herself and is likely to improve everything around her, by reason of it. One who has read a little in botany, for instance, has a worthy ambition, without being made better through our whole nature, and acting accordingly. A woman may even engage in business with advantage, so far as it does not take her presence out of the home too much. She should not, of course, take away her time or anything else that her children need; but it is all right for her to cherish a worthy ambition and give it scope as far as she can.

We know that there is a class of housekeepers who are already overworked, in whose it would be wrong to try and take up anything else, farther than they can do so as a recreation; and they should not feel that they are not doing their full duty or that their work is not a noble one. There is no higher occupation than making and keeping a pleasant and happy home; the point is, that if a woman is able to cultivate any other ambition without neglecting any essential, she should feel free to do it and not let anything stand in her way.

"Does the wind always blow this way my good man."

"No it don't. Sometimes it blows the other way."

Wit, Humor, and Pleasantries.

Gen. Sherman was once a patient of the late Dr. Bliss. The doctor had been treating him for some time and had given him several kinds of medicine. One day the general said:

"Doctor, I don't seem to be getting any better for all your medicine."

"Well, General," said the doctor, jocosely, "perhaps you had better take Shakespeare's advice and 'throw physic to the dogs.'"

"I would, Doctor, but there are a number of valuable dogs in the neighborhood, and I don't want to kill 'em off!"

Miss Crimpie (to clerk of Snake Creek House)—"Will you please send the porter to our room, Mr. Bigstud?"

Clerk—"Certainly, ma'am; is there anything wrong?"

Miss Crimpie—"Papa just shot a mosquito, and we would like Patrick to carry it out."

Mr. Hyde (of Hyde & Tallow, Chicago)—"Waiter, I want a dinner."

Walter—"Will ze gentleman haf table d'hote, or a la carte?"

Mr. Hyde—"Bring me a little of both, and have lots of gravy on it."

Wife—"I am a thousand times obliged to you, George, for this beautiful diamond ring, but ain't you extravagant?"

Husband—"No, not at all. The ring cost $300, but I will return the money all back again in a short time."

Wife—"In what way?"

Husband—"You will not need so many new gloves from out on."

Book Agent—"Here, Miss, I have the 'Universal Encyclopædia' in ten volumes. It contains information in regard to everything in the known world, no matter what it is, and——"

Miss Ann Arbor—Why, I just graduated last month.

Queen of Spain—"Mol Gracia! The baby has the stomach-ache." Lord Chamberlain (decidedly) "Woo-o! Call the secretary of the interior!"

First reporter—"Well, Bob, how did you enjoy your trip in the balloon?" Second reporter—"Immense, but ticklish. We got so near heaven that it almost took my breath away. I never want to have such a sensation again." First reporter—"Never fear, Bob; you won't."

Mrs. Youngwife—"I am so happy. My dear husband never goes out. He always stays at home with me in the evening."

Female Friend—"Yes, I have heard that he never cared for pleasure of any kind."

She—"Do you love music? I am passionately fond of it!" He (just introduced)—"I knew you were. I watched you the other night at the opera, and the way your jaws kept time to the music was a——" She—"Sir!"

Grieved Sister—O, Harold, you don't know what I would give to see you go to work with a will. Wayward Brother—Go to work with a will, eh? Well, my dear sister, you just wait till uncle dies, and you'll see me do it, if the will doesn't suit me.—

A Voice at Night.

I was camping one night late in the fall of 1849, at the head of Mollychunkemunk lake, near a stream which runs from the ponds known as Eberdeon ponds, and within 10 rods of the lake. It was a dark and windy night, threatening a storm, so I put my night wood inside my shed camp and reloaded my gun, stapding it in a convenient place, built up a cheerful fire outside, ate a hearty supper of broiled trout and other fixings and lay down for the night. How long I slept I cannot tell, but when I awoke I was on my knees peering out into the darkness, the rain was pouring and the fire was just about gone.

And just then a tremendous yell or screech saluted me in the direction of the lake, not over a gunshot away. My hair stood on end. The situation was alarming, and my nerves crystalized. But I did not lose my presence of mind. But holding on to my gun I at once set about kindling a fire, and of the few coals in sight I soon got a blaze with my kindling wood and birch bark. I consider a fire in a dark night the best protection against wild beasts. I heard several more of these fearful screeches, but the animal evidently did not like my fire, for he steered eastward toward the mountains, giving me a stunner of a good bye yell.

There was no more sleep for me that night, and as soon as day broke I went to the lake and and there deep in the sandy shore were the fresh tracks of a large panther, with toe nails or claws full 2 inches long, and the creeping tracks near to each other when he passed my camp showed that he was wicked. When he came to the stream he leaped across some 25 feet, sinking his feet deep into the sand, showing that he was a heavy animal.

I have no doubt this was what hunters paint to teach the dog anything about the horse. Everything he knew came to him by his own patience. From the time I took him to the stable a pup until I sold Rarus, they were never separated an hour. We once left the dog in the stall while we took the horse to the blacksmith shop, and when we came back we found he had made havoc with everything there was in there trying to get out, while the distress of the dog during the entire journey was uneasy, restless, and in general acted as badly as the dog did. Dave remarked that he thought that we should never keep the horse and dog together after that. When Rarus went to the track for exercise or to trot a race the dog would follow Dave around and sit by the gate by the track, following Rarus with as much interest as Dave did. When the horse returned to the stable after a heat and was unchecked, the dog would walk up and climb up on his forward legs and kiss him, the horse always bending his head down to receive the caress. In the stable, after work was over, Jim and the horse would often frolic like two boys. If the horse lay down, Jim would climb on his back, and in that way soon learned to ride him; and whenever I led Rarus out to show him to the public, Jim invariably knew what it meant, and it enhanced the value of the performance by the manner in which he would get on the horse's back. On these occasions the horse was shown to halter, and Jimmy, who learned to distinguish applause from hisses in which the entire stable was used, would follow Dave and Rarus out on the quarter-stretch, and then when the halt was made in front of the grand stand Jim would scamper up and down. In the morning the flash Jimmy would jump on his neck, run up his shoulder, from there leap on the horse's back, and there he would stand, his head high in the air and his tail out stiff behind, barking furiously at the people.

When Rarus was sold to Mr. Bonner, Splan sent Jimmy with the horse, rightly judging that it would be cruel to separate them. But in Mr. Bonner's stable there was a bull terrier in charge, and one day, when for some real or fancied affront, the small dog attacked the larger one, the latter took Jimmy by the neck and was fast killing him; but Rarus heard his outcries, and perceiving that his little friend was in danger and distress, pulled back on the halter till it broke, rushed out of his stall, and with one blow of his fore-foot on the bull terrier had he not been restrained by the grooms."

Ambitious Women.

Sometimes this term is used with a sneer with the intention of disparaging women who do not think their whole duty solely to the work of the household. Perhaps it is just as well that it should be so, for it is well known that sneers always help on a good cause. No sooner does one begin to sneer at one thing than it arouses combativeness, and some one else immediately champions it. So it is in this matter, and the apellation, "ambitious woman" is one to be coveted rather than feared. The truth is, there is no reason why a woman should not be ambitious in any way her natural aspirations direct her; instead of injuring her home, it is likely to benefit both her home and herself.

The above will probably sound like a paradox to many, but it is true, on the same principle that the busiest people are always the ones who find time to do useful and important things outside of their own little round. One worthy ambition does not shut out all the rest, but, like char